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THE STANDARD.

TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Reported for THE STANDARD by J. M. W. YERRINTON.

Speech of J. Elizabeth Jones.

Wednesday Morning, May 9th.

MORE than a quarter of a century since, the Society upon whose platform I now stand was organized for the specific and sole purpose of waging a war of extermination against chattel slavery. The position it then assumed it maintains now. The doctrines it proclaimed in 1833 it enforces in 1860. They are the same because human rights are the same, human duties are the same.

Its founders were not superficial thinkers. They looked into the philosophy of life, into the nature of man, and the purposes of his Creator. The cause they knew not they searched out. Having ascertained the character of slavery, the path of duty was plain. The unchangeable principles upon which their enterprise was based attest alike the wisdom of the founders and the ultimate triumph of their cause. Like the Great Teacher who condensed his whole system of ethics into two commandments, so they reduced this subject to the simplest propositions. First, the slave has a right to freedom; second, it is the duty of the master to emancipate him, *immediately;* third, it is our right and our duty to oppose every institution, every organization, every measure of policy, every expression of opinion that tends to delay the period of the slave's deliverance. We stand here, then, to-day, making direct issue with the Slave Power. We know its strength. We know that the wealth, politics, literature and religion of the country are the four corner-stones on which it rests. And yet we are here to reiterate these simple truths. The truth is mighty, and it will prevail.

We are told that the slaves are well fed and well clothed. That is nothing to our argument. But they are happy! So much the worse for the master. If he has obliterated the line between the man and the brute, I should rather not stand in his place when he goes to judgment. Slavery cannot be covered up with broadcloth or a bandanna. It cannot be made respectable, not even with the cast-off clothing of the master. Gilt buttons and gold chains don't help it. These things subserve two purposes only; they gratify the vanity of the master, and befool Northern divines who go down there for South-side views.

It is chattelism that we war with. It is the bringing into subservience one man to the will of another, marking him for another's benefit, using him for another's pleasure, and convenience, and interest, against which we enter our protest. The question is not the color of his coat or the kind, but the color of the statute under which he is enslaved. The question is not what he eats, or how much money shall be spent upon him, but it is this, Shall he be recognized as a man? We make no issues with the abuses of power, with the incidents of the system or any of its natural results. We have no contest with whips, and gags, and chains, and thumbscrews, but with that organized and legalized power that tears away the crown of manhood, and brands the human being as a brute. Hence, all the representations of Northern apologists, of Union-saving partisans, that the slaves are fat and sleek, contented and happy, fall to the ground. They have no bearing upon the question.

Mr. President, the Americans are full of sympathy for the oppressed of other lands. I am glad that it is so. When Greece shook off the dust of her degradation, and went forth to battle with the Moslem host, the sympathy of our people was there, their aid was there. When Poland struck for freedom, and, single-handed and alone, stood up against the legions of the North, the prayer of this nation went up as from one man, "God save the land of Kosciusko!" Aye, the offering of the friends of Italy in this city is yet fresh upon the altar. When Garibaldi needed arms, arms were sent him, and a thousand generous wishes besides.

But, ladies and gentlemen, among those whom we now seek to deliver there are no cultivated intellects, no men of position and influence, no manly Pole or noble Greek, no Mazzini, no Kossuth, but only ignorant, degraded American slaves. We think this fact places us under far greater obligation to labor in their behalf. We are responsible, in a great measure, for their oppression. We have made them what they are, and it is the part of common justice to try to repair the injury we have done. The benevolence of the age, the Christ of the present, teaches us that because the slaves are poor, and ignorant, and degraded, and coarse, and repulsive, we should humble ourselves in the dust, and beg them to forgive the unmeasured wrongs we have heaped upon their race.

The question arises, Why do the people of this country sustain slavery? They do not think it right. They do not think it God-ordained. It would imply too much spiritual degradation to suppose that they believe any such thing. Chas. O'Conor may believe it, and Benjamin Brewster, and a few others—just enough to prove that total depravity is a sound point in our orthodox creed.

But why do thousands and tens of thousands thus direct their influence, when they know that the system is a curse to the master, a grievous wrong to the slave, as Jefferson said? It is difficult to tell; though we see in one case that the success of party seems to require it. It is needed to get office, or to retain it. The peace and prosperity of Zion are supposed to demand the sacrifice. The cloud that hangs over southern trade must be swept away, or show a silver lining. Social position requires such concession, perhaps—a compromise of principle whose lubrications will prevent the jar of discord, and thus preserve the harmony of each particular sphere.

There is a large class who are neglectful, thoughtless—don't care anything about the slaves—wish they were all in Guinea, or in Central America, perhaps—for they are tired of this negro question. These are generally people of good impulses, but have no judgment nor reflection. They desire what is right in the main, though the desire is not sufficiently strong to put forth an effort for its accomplishment. They would like to have the kingdom of heaven come to them, but they can't take the trouble to go to it. Like that low order of animals that are attached to a rock in the water, they receive simply what the current brings within their grasp. They hope that their Church don't sustain slavery, but that matter is left to the pastor. It is true, they sometimes quote, "Thus saith the Lord," but it matters little to them whether it is the Lord of Sinai or the celebrated Dr. Lord. The latter is just about as good authority as the former with them.

Quite unlike these is another class who are making the age bright with incessant activity. The arts and the sciences, manufactures and commerce, literature, law, and divinity, attest their mental vigor, and the scope of their powers. But talk about the unity of the race! the doctrine is as fabulous, in their eyes, as the mythology of the ancients. Talk about that chain of human brotherhood that circles this world of ours, binding all to each and each to all, linking the interest of the most degraded with that of the most exalted, and they regard you as one demented.

It is thus, through culpable indifference, through an avowed approval from fancied self-interest, a servile acquiescence, and a want of understanding of human brotherhood, that slavery curses our nation at the present time, and the despots of the Old World rejoice in the practical failure of democracy in the New.

I felt like saying this much in relation to the fundamental principles upon which our movement is based, and the apathy and interested motives that retard its advancement. On the present occasion I did not purpose to make any appeal on behalf of the slaves in the southern portion of this confederacy. The few words I have to utter in continuation will be addressed to the slaves of the North.

I will not ask you, ladies and gentlemen, to adopt our platform. You may not have faith in it. You may not be prepared for the sacrifices it involves. And yet, I believe that our cardinal doctrines are never proclaimed but they reach that portion of every human heart which God keeps sacred to himself. If they be not heeded, the consequences are inevitable.

I will not ask you to come up to that lower plane, and make issue with the incidents of the system. I will not ask you to enter, in any way, into the wrongs of four millions of American bondmen. They have been robbed, but I will not ask you to bring to judgment the robber. They have been beaten, and bruised, and trampled in the dust; they have been herded together like swine, marriage taken away, domestic ties scoffed at, learning forbidden; all the injustice and oppression that can be inflicted upon a subject people has been inflicted upon them, but I will not ask you to take vengeance upon the perpetrators of these crimes. I will not ask you to rescue from the auction-block young and beautiful women, who are to be dragged away where the dark cloud of evil passions spends itself in fearful ruin. I will not ask you to comfort the slave mother whose heart is freighted with agony at the sale and the eternal loss of her child. I will not ask you to stay the hand of any Margaret Garner that is raised to take the life of her loved ones to save them from a fate worse than death. I will not ask you to listen to the wail of despair from the rice swamps. I will not ask you even to see the prostrate who, with outstretched arms, have so long implored your help. No! no! I will not ask you to be humane. I will not even inquire whether you have any humanity. You may shut your eyes, and stop your ears, and harden your hearts, and totally ignore the slave and all his wrongs, if you please. Keep him wholly out of sight and out of mind, till the day of retribution shall come. He can bear the yoke. His father and his father's father bore it before him. He can drink of the cup they drank, and receive such baptism of suffering as overwhelmed them. Let him alone, forget him, if you wish!

But, in the name of all the patriarchs and heroes that have gone before you, in the name of Liberty, whom you profess to adore, let me warn you not to be beguiled into forgetfulness of your own rights. Let no deceitful dream in relation to freedom which was bequeathed by our fathers blind you to the fact that you are a conquered people, and that there is far more cause for resistance to tyrants now, in your own case, than there was in the days of the fathers. Don't close your eyes to the manacles on your own limbs. Don't shut out the fact that slavery firmly controls the press, the pulpit, the judicial bench, as with the iron hand of fate, and in its reign of terror sacrifices to public resentment and to private malice the property, life, liberty, all the dearest interests of those who claim to be free.

Let me remind you of all the martyrs to the cause of freedom, from Elijah P. Lovejoy down to the last victim which Virginia sacrificed in her bloody drama. Let me recall to your memory all the friends of humanity who have suffered captivity for practical righteousness, from the time that Charles T. Torrey died in a Maryland prison even to the recent day when the Rev. Daniel Worth (who seems to be *worth* a score of common Reverends) escaped from a Carolina jail. Let me speak of the utter humiliation of our people in suffering a series of floggings which have been transferred from the backs of slaves to the backs of their friends, and which have increased in frequency as the power of slavery increased, until they have now become so numerous that one can hardly name them. Call to mind the expulsions of Northern men, since Carolina sent home the official agent of Massachusetts, and which, within the last six months have come thick and fast, until Kentucky capped the climax of despotism by driving from Berea her own native-born citizens. Think of our boast of a free press, and of laws for the protection of property, and then remember how printing offices have been assailed, from the time the first printing press was buried in the Ohio river down to the lawless violence in Kansas and Kentucky, and the peril of Cassius M. Clay and his friends in the latter State.

But I will not detail these outrages. Read the "New Reign of Terror," and ponder upon the ignominious treatment our people endure—treatment to which none but a race of slaves would ever submit. Shall I be told that these are simply the acts of individuals, and of individual States, which are drunk with the blood of the bondman, and are clinging with a death-like grasp to the institution? It must be expected that *they* will commit deeds of madness. Turn, then, to the action of the Federal Government. Those who have read its history need not be told that slavery is its vital and animating principle. Whether the administration has been Federal, Democratic or Whig; whether it has been the friend or the foe of embargo or non-intercourse acts; whether it has advocated or opposed a national bank; whether it has favored or discouraged a protective tariff, or a tariff for revenue; it has ever been true to this system of oppression, and made everything else subsidiary to it. Since the practice of compromise was introduced by the ordinance of '87, our history has been a series of almost uninterrupted concessions on the part of freedom, and of triumphs on the part of slavery.

The adoption of the Constitution was followed by the Fugitive Slave law of '93, and that has given place to the more odious one of 1850. The purchase of Louisiana led to the more recent purchase of Florida, and the ambitious designs upon Cuba and other territory farther south. The establishment of slavery in the District of Columbia led to the opening of the domestic slave trade there. The power of our government at home has been used to sustain this institution, while the strength of its foreign diplomacy has been directed to its prosperity and its perpetuity. Learned judges have construed law in favor of human bondage, and recognized in the oppressor rights which are denied to the advocates of freedom. But it is needless to specify. It is sufficient to say, the germ of compromise planted in our organic law has brought forth bitter and accursed fruit. I trust that the scene which the present unfolds to our view is the culmination of that wicked and mistaken policy which endeavored to unite and protect in the same government the two opposing principles of human freedom and of chattel slavery.

There can be no mistake in this matter. The abuses of governmental patronage, the organized violations of natural rights, no one will question; or that every effort which the North has made to place freedom in the ascendant has only shown that she is hopelessly bound to the support of despotism. In view of these facts I unhesitatingly declare that while forbearance has ceased to be a virtue, passive endurance has become the shelter of the coward.

But we might let many of these things pass as a page of history that it is hardly worth while to exhume, as we live fast, in this fast age, and forget very soon; but there are the present aggressions of the Federal Government trampling under foot the rights of every man who is hostile to slavery. Kansas and her outrages may be forgotten by us, the trace of ruffianism may wholly fade from her beautiful plains, yet we know there are human hearts that have not forgotten, and that never will forget, and, I suppose, it might be wisdom in us to remember that, under like circumstances, we should suffer like indignities. Bury in oblivion, if you wish and if you can, that base attack upon Senator Sumner, and the shameful neglect with which the Senate treated it, but don't ask him to forget those days of suffering, and that weary pilgrimage in a foreign land; and I think self-interest might cause you to remember that whenever a like opportunity offers, you may suffer in a similar way. Forget, if you will, that the United States marines were despatched for the support of Slavery, in the hour of her extremity at Harper's Ferry; forget, too, that they guarded the Virginia gallows from which John Brown passed to a glorious immortality; but don't ask the stricken ones at North Elba to forget these things; and it would be well to remember, for our own sake, that our conscientious convictions will avail us naught in a contest with this power that oppresses us.

Class, if you will, Judge Taney's Dred Scott decision with the things of the past, which are bound by no visible link to the present, there is still no lack of matter to show that neither under State nor Federal government has any lover of freedom any adequate protection for his rights.

Go down to the city of Washington, enter its jail, and ask Thaddeus Hyatt how this matter stands. Congress, through Senator Mason's Investigating Committee, attempted to compel him to answer such questions as they chose to propound. He denied their right and fully demonstrated their want of power. And this contumacious witness thereby became guilty of contempt. With a wonderful economy, the offices of judge, jury, accuser and executioner were combined in one, and, without any chance of appeal, except to the high court of public opinion, Thaddeus Hyatt must stay in jail till the Senate shall conclude he has suffered enough, or until he has purged himself of contempt; and I do not see how any sensible man can ever purge himself of contempt for the present American Congress. Thus does the United States Senate act within the Capital where it has the power.

It sends its agents abroad—sends up to Concord—that holy battle-ground—for Frank B. Sanborn. He did not choose to obey their bidding. He was free and meant to remain so. They seized him; tried to run him off south on an opposition underground railroad. But for the timely aid of a Massachusetts Court, he might now be lying in jail. I hope Concord will vindicate the reputation she once acquired, and stand ready to inaugurate a new revolution for the rights of man, no matter by what power those rights are assailed, and, if need be, to bring out again those time-honored arms that were successfully used by the rebels of 1775.

Why wait any longer? Why delay the settlement of this question? It must come, sooner or later. We have no reasonable ground for hope that our condition will be bettered. It is not with us as it was with the Fathers. They had everything to encourage them. *Then* freedom was strong, and slavery was weak. Freedom had been nursed in the camp, and baptized on the battle-field. It was vigorous, and grew into stately proportions. Slavery was tottering with feebleness and wasting with want. It was expected soon to die, and the hour of its dissolution appeared to be very near.

Unfortunately, it lived, it grew, it waxed strong. It has become a legislator, a ruler, and twenty millions of professed freemen now humble themselves before its power. *Now* Freedom is weak. She trembles with fear. She often hides away, God only knows where. Not in the hearts of men, surely.

We have very much to discourage us. When men read the doctrine of human equality by the gleaming light of British sabres, they read it aright. When they wrote out their protests against oppression in human blood, they meant something. But now men look through the powerful lens of a mistaken self-interest, and their eyes are full of gold dust, and they can't see; and they talk about liberty in faintest whispers, and it don't mean anything.

Did not Lee, and Pinckney, and Randolph, and Henry all unite in condemning slavery? Whatever their practice may have been, those bitter denunciations show that conscience was yet alive; that they could not rob others of liberty without sore compunctions. But the system which was tolerated as an evil then is now cherished as an institution involving the commission of no wrong. It has been legalized, sanctioned and sanctified, and neither from Southern press, nor pulpit, nor forum, nor legislative hall is heard scarcely a word of misgiving or of condemnation. Even the Old Dominion, that once boasted of the statesmen she gave to the country, now exults in the number of chattels she raises for the market. The counsels of her Jefferson, her Monroe and her Henry are forgotten, and in their place come the maudlin ravings of her misnamed Wise.

Every slave State is in a similar condition. The manhood of their statesmen has sickened, and died under the long-continued exercise of despotism. The public conscience is dead. The corrupting influences of this system are seen everywhere. It is true, liberal principles have made progress among a certain class at the North, and the moral atmosphere has been so cleared up that the crack of John Brown's rifle was heard from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and is still echoing and reechoing among all the valleys and hills of this Republic; yet slavery has also become more cunning, and many from whom we expected better things have become the embodiment of sickly servility.

We started out as a nation with principles that will bear the test of ages far more virtuous than our own; and now, within the short space of eighty-five years, we are within the eddying circles of a maelstrom that threatens speedy destruction. We were regarded as a people who dared to maintain the doctrine of man's civil, political and religious liberty; and now we are regarded as a people who make slavery an interest paramount to all other interests.

We have brought sorrow and sadness to the heart of every liberal in the old world. We have disappointed their fondest hopes. The venerable Humboldt, long before he died, despaired utterly of the success of our republican experiment. Lafayette went to the grave with the declaration on his lips that if he had known what use we were going to make of our liberty, he would never have drawn the sword in our behalf. The muzzled press of Europe regularly retails accounts of our slave-hunting and woman-whipping, and seasons them with sneers at beautiful American liberty, and gives them as specimens of American democracy.

All this humiliation we must submit to, so long as Freedom is yoked with the foul and loathsome hag of Slavery, and compelled to drag with her the car of State.

Now, I ask, in all seriousness, have we not suffered enough? Have we not been used long enough as tools of the Slave Power? Your money has been taken to sustain it, your reputation to make it respectable, your religion to sanctify it! And yet you submit. Can't you be maddened into manhood? Is there no heroism in the present time? Would any man here dare to sign a Declaration of Independence? Would he sign it as Carroll did? He wrote out Charles Carroll of Carrollton, so that when the Tories came with a halter they might know where to find him. I believe that the time has now arrived when we must choose whether slavery shall tread out the last spark that slumbers upon Liberty's altar, or whether American freedom shall fulfil the promises of its birth.

Are we afraid to meet the question? Shall we, coward-like, shrink from the contest, and bequeath to our children the dark and loathesome curse? Shall we throw upon them the burden of this battle for human rights, embarrassed as they would be by our cowardice and our procrastination?

I leave this question for each of you to settle individually.

Speech of Rev. George F. Noyes.

Wednesday Morning, May 9th.

I was asked last year, when it was my privilege to address this Society, how I could occupy this platform, and yet, as I stated in the course of my remarks, vote with the Republican party? That question has been lying over against me one year; I propose briefly to answer it, to some extent, at this time. It involves, you perceive, two propositions. First, Why am I here to-day? Goethe says somewhere, "The ever-womanly draweth us on"; and so the last speaker, in her remarks, foreshadowed some of the reasons, at least, that lead me to occupy this platform to-day, and to esteem it one of the highest privileges of my life. If, fellow-citizens, you have not felt the manacles which clank upon the limbs of the Southern slave upon your limbs also, I have felt them now for several years. If you have not felt that the free spirit of the North was chained and crushed beneath the iron heel of Southern despotism, I have felt it, and writhed under it these many years. When I have seen our representatives in Congress, instead of standing up for the rights of the North and demanding that we, a free people, should be freely heard in expression of our opinions, courtesying to this miserable sorceress of slavery, speaking with bated breath, and only half their voice, the word of liberty, and Edward Everett creeping on his hands and knees into the Senate chamber and presenting the petition of three thousand citizens of this country, as if he were kneeling at the feet of some sorceress, and feared she would not listen to him—resigning his place soon after (for I suppose the man had some sense of shame still left), because he could not bear the feeling of remorse and ignominy that pressed upon him—when I have seen our representatives in the other hall ready also to do the bidding of the South, I, for one, must confess that I have felt the chain of which our friend has spoken, and felt as one with the slave, being bound with him. And it is a matter for congratulation to stand here—here, where at least we may have the satisfaction of saying that we are free in a practical protest against slavery (applause). I am here, then, because I am a freeman of America, and this seems to be the place where I can best assert my freedom from this Slave Power that is tyrannizing over the country.

In every movement, and especially in this anti-slavery movement, three things are necessary before it can have any practical success in the country. We must have a union of three things: the Northern heart must be educated aright; the Northern sentiment and Northern feeling must be strong, and burning, and zealous; the Northern head must be educated aright; we must have right conceptions and right ideas of our duty in this matter—of our duty to the South and our duty to ourselves—and then we must have strong and willing Northern hands to execute and carry out those conceptions which true sentiments dictate and true ideas suggest. I stand here to-day because this is the manufactory of Northern sentiment upon the slavery question. I do not know, sir, exactly how many years you have presided over this manufactory, but among those recollections which shall be precious to every reader of American history will be the recollection of the time when you, in some obscure garret, only aided by a boy, commenced this movement, which has been manufacturing Northern sentiment ever since (loud applause). It must be gratifying to you, and you must allow us to say so, even to your face, to see how this sentiment has gone on growing year by year, until, sir, I have now to charge you, before this jury of the American people, with having broken up the Charleston Convention! (Laughter and applause.) I charge you with having broken up the great and united Democratic party of this country (renewed applause). I charge you, and the friends who have worked with you, with being responsible for all this "irrepressible conflict," the turmoil of which has filled the common air for the past ten years; I charge upon you the heroism of men and women exhibited in the campaign in Kansas; I charge you with the heroism which sent John Brown to that fatal day of Harper's Ferry; I charge you with all these enormities which have been heaped up against the anti-slavery party; and I am glad to see that you bear the charge with so smiling a countenance and a heart, as I believe, full of faith in truth and faith in God (cheers). I am rather glad to be here to make these charges, and see how a jury of my countrymen will pass upon them. It is a great thing, you know, to have these scapegoats in a country. In old times, when a nation was guilty of some great sin, they selected a goat, and, in some mysterious manner, heaping all the sins of the community upon his back, sent him off howling into the wilderness. These brave speakers of ours have been the scapegoats of this nation for twenty years. The Churches place all their sins upon their backs. Whenever a Southerner finds fault with Northern sentiment, he is pointed to these scapegoats, and told, "It is all owing to these Northern Abolitionists"; and we try to drive them off howling into the wilderness, but somehow or other they don't go. They stay with us, and make our hearts burn and our nerves thrill with their eloquence upon this great subject, until many of us, under the shadow of their great protection, are able to stand firm upon this platform who, ten years ago, would not have dared to show our heads even in the rear seats of this house. I saw a picture in one of the pictorials recently which represented a huge balloon, the top of which was composed of the head and face of Douglas, and the car, which it was lifting with its gas (and he always has plenty of that, you know), contained his *confreres*—those who hang by his skirts. It lacked but one thing to make it historically true; and if we had a paper in this country like the English *Punch*, that picture would have been perfectly carried out. It needed the figure of Garrison, in the shape of a demon (to carry out their conception), pricking this balloon and letting out the gas of popular sovereignty, and letting our friend Stephen down to the proper level of his own ignominy (laughter and loud applause).

I say, then, I am glad for many reasons to be here. And now a few words as to the other side of the question. We must have, in every great reform, prophets and seers; we must have men to stand upon the Mount of Vision and predict the good time coming to the people. But, somehow or other, it happens that a prophet is rarely the best man for practical methods. It was the case with the greatest prophet that ever lived, Jesus of Nazareth. His great soul, filled with the sublime ideas inspired in him by God, could not descend to those forms and institutions which were necessary practically to carry out his ideas; and my idea is that Jesus of Nazareth never gave to his disciples any such thing as a church form, or made any attempt at a theological creed. I consider that his was too great a soul for any such thing as that; but he stood upon the Mount of Vision, and allowed himself to be the receptacle of the divine inspiration which he poured out upon the people—grand, universal truths, far-reaching as are the needs of humanity, and universal and all-embracing as are its tastes and capacities. Such men, I repeat, as seers and prophets, are not the best men to form institutions; and, with all my veneration for my friend Mr. Garrison and those who have labored with him, I, for one (this being a free platform), am free to confess my difference of opinion in some respects. It seems to me that they are excellent physicians, in one point of view; they give us an exact diagnosis of the disease; they show us the symptoms in the body politic, how the veins are filled with corruption, and how eruptions are breaking out upon the surface; but it seems to me that they do not give us a practical method of curing this disease, such as the exigencies of the time demand. One of the methods, perhaps the chief method, which is offered is the dissolution of the Union. Now, to that method, I am free to say, I wholly dissent. I am not going to give you a long speech, but in a few words let me state my idea upon this point. It seems to me that our fathers who fought the battles of the Revolution, while they left us this amount of good for ourselves and our children, left us also this terrible evil of slavery, which it is our duty to root out and exterminate. It seems to me that while we accept the good which they have left us, it is our duty, as strong men and understanding the age in which we live, to meet this evil boldly and squarely, and look it fairly in the face, on every field or forum where it may be presented. It does not seem to me exactly bold and courageous to cut off the slave from us, and erect a wall between the North and the South, ignoring the slave, and casting him off. On the contrary, it seems to me that it is my duty, as an American citizen, should any crisis demand the use of my right arm, upon any field, should any crisis demand my voice in any assembly where that voice is needed, or demand my vote in that quiet way in which our system of ballot utters the voice of the people—it is my duty, I say, to look this evil, under any such circumstances, fairly in the face, and insist upon it that the South shall deal fairly by the North and by the slave (loud applause).

My friends, it seems to me that our fathers left us an undivided farm. Around this farm there is one immense stone wall, but no walls dividing it up into separate farms. I don't propose to let the South take all the meadow land away from us. I think it is my duty to keep this farm undivided to the end. We need all these varieties of soil and climate. I claim it for liberty, and don't propose to yield one inch to slavery. I claim it for those principles which our forefathers fought to maintain and left to us as a precious and sacred heritage, and it seems to me like surrendering a part of their gift to allow a single acre to be devoted to slavery, and thus turned aside from the great uses for which they intended it.

Now, I do not pretend that the Republican party is at all perfect, or doing so much as I could wish in that direction. I do not pretend to be very anxious to elect a Republican President. I am very sure that we could not have a Republican President who could do more for anti-slavery than James Buchanan has done for three years past. The thing is absolutely impossible. I feel grave doubts whether the country is able to bear a Republican President. I am afraid that there would be such an effort to stand perfectly straight, as between the North and the South, that there would be a falling backwards into the arms of the South. I much prefer to a Republican President of that stamp an open and avowed slave of slavery, like the present President. "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." And I should much prefer one crazy and mad in his devotion to personal ambition and his yielding to the Slave Power. You see what work he has made of it. The anti-slavery principle has grown stronger year by year, and every effort that he has made to aid the South has resulted in a manner contrary to their desire and to their wishes. I say, therefore, that I do not think the Republican party is able to bear the election of their candidate for the Presidency yet; and though I shall vote for the Republican candidate, I shall have a great deal of philosophy, no matter how the returns come in.

I am a practical man; I want to do something. I admit that the gentlemen who occupy this platform are the fountain and spring of anti-slavery effort; but I, for one, would like to be one of the little pipes that help to bring those waters so that they shall fertilize the land, and practically aid the growth of the country. I want to do something, and I think I can do something, in a small way, by continuing my connection with the Republican party.

Then, there is another idea I have about the Republican party. You see how it has been with the Slave Power. Year after year it has increased its demands. Propositions made at one Democratic Convention have been excelled in atrocity by propositions made at another, until at last a demand was made at the Charleston Convention which even Northern Democratic doughfaces could not endure. Thus they have endeavored to carry out the false idea, which they have taken to their bosoms, that they have a divine right to their property in man. Now, my friends, it is just the same with a true idea. Taken into the hearts of the people, what is to be the result of it? You have heard of the fiery cross of Scotland, going from clan to clan, and calling the different clans to the tents of their chief. It is the same way with the true idea. When a grand and true idea takes possession of a nation, that nation must follow its bidding, try they never so hardly to resist it. The Republican party is innoculated with this disease, as some call it, of anti-slavery. The Republican party has, to some extent, taken to its bosom this true idea, that there can be no such thing as property in man; and all history makes it manifest—I could point you to illustrations filling the whole page of history—that there is but one course which the Republican party can take. Its newspapers may seek to smooth over matters, its leaders may seek to temporize, they may set up a great brazen idol at Chicago, and call upon the people to fall down and worship it, but this idea is in the hearts of the people, and the Republican party must do its bidding.

I will predict here the course of the Republican party. I say it will be compelled to follow the idea of the people. I predict that as the Democratic party has been compelled to put plank after plank into its platform, each excelling the other in ignominy, so the Republican party, which has taken, not a false, but a true idea, will be compelled to put plank after plank into its platform, each better and more fully representing the anti-slavery idea. The repeal of the Fugitive Slave law will certainly be, in my opinion, a plank in the platform of the Republican party. The utter abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia will be another. Oh, that is one of the hardest things for an American to bear—to go where our country's representatives meet, and where the representatives of foreign powers go to have intercourse with our government, and see the flag of Slavery floating from the capital; to go into society at Washington, and find it all tainted with this corruption; so that to utter a single sentiment is to exile one's self from all social hospitality. I say, then, that another plank will be put into the Republican platform—the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, or else the removal of the national capital to freer and purer soil (loud applause).

I think, also, that we have got to go a step farther. Inexorably logical is the progress of a true idea. It must follow, of necessity, in the path marked out by God. Men may temporize, men may talk about expediency, but a true idea is inexorably logical in its course, and, when once started, "will have free course, run and be glorified." I want to read to you two resolutions passed by the seceding portion of the Democratic Convention at Charleston, when the split took place which was caused by our friends here:

Resolved, That the platform adopted by the Democratic party at Cincinnati be affirmed, with the following explanatory resolutions:
First, That the government of a Territory organized by an act of Congress is provisional and temporary, and during its existence all citizens of the United States have an equal right to settle with their property in the Territory, without their rights, either of person or property, being destroyed or injured by Congressional or Territorial legislation.
Second, That it is the duty of the Federal Government, in all its departments, to protect the rights of persons and property in the Territories, and wherever else its constitutional authority extends.

Well, that reads very innocently, does it not? But these are the very resolutions which the other portion of the Democratic party could not accept. Yet, it is all very innocent, is it not? Do we not all feel that the citizens of a State have a right to be protected in their personal property in the national territories, and what can the Republican party say to this—what answer can they make to this resolution? The only logical answer that is left to them—and that answer they will be compelled to make, as this issue reaches its culmination—is that there can be no such thing as property in man (loud applause). Why, all agree to these resolutions. They are good American resolutions; I could sign them myself, but I should wish it to be distinctly understood that I did not mean to endorse the idea, by the use of that little word "property," that there can be such a thing as property in man. The Republican leaders may attempt to smooth over this thing; *The Tribune* may talk Douglas one day and Bates the next; they may take a barren word and try to make the American people prostrate themselves before this idol of "Expediency," but, as I said before, the progress of one of God's ideas is inexorably logical, and they cannot help this "irrepressible conflict" that has been declared; they must take this ground, that man cannot rightfully hold property in man, or else they have no ground to stand upon. They will be in the condition of the Convention that meets to-day in Baltimore, which proposes to resolve, I suppose, that all discussion of the question of slavery is wrong, and must be immediately abolished; a Convention which does not intend to have any platform—and why? Because they have got nothing to stand on (laughter), and hence they have no planks with which to build a platform. A Convention composed of superannuated fossils, in which one may refresh his memory of the politics of the middle ages, but in which nothing is to be found of the sparkle and life of the America of to-day. They remind me of an anecdote of one of the Presidents of Harvard College, in the early days, when the students were not so numerous as they are now, and the President knew the families and the genealogy of all the boys in the college. One of the boys came to him one day with a rueful face, and asked to be allowed to go home. "Why," said he; "what for?" "I want to go home to bury my grandmother." "Ah," said the President, "your maternal or paternal grandmother?" "It is my grandmother on my mother's side." "Ah, yes," said the President; "Mrs. Smith. Well, you may go home; it's time she was buried; she died four years ago!" (Great merriment.) I feel the same way about our friends the fossils. They are going to bury the Whig party, and it is high time, for it died more than four years ago (laughter); and I am afraid the Constitutional party will be what they call a "disappointment," and be rather still-born.

I think, then, that we have everything to encourage us at this time. I believe that the necessity of the case will drive the Republican party to stand about where you stand now. I believe that the laws of emigration and of population are with us. Every census-taker who carries the returns to Washington from our growing and elastic Northern States is an anti-slavery worker in disguise, even though he have a commission from James Buchanan in his pocket. I have sometimes felt almost afraid that the South would interfere and prevent the taking of the census this year, so damaging will be its results to them, because it will show that the North, glowing with free labor, is elastic and growing, while the South is tottering to decay. The North attracts population from foreign countries, the South seeks only to attract population from Africa, and it is to be hoped that the day is near at hand when that means of emigration will be put a stop to.

I know the discouragement of those who put expediency out of sight, but it is a great thing to stand for truth and an idea; and though some of the humble workers of this cause may go to their graves without knowing that they have done anything to help it, yet there will be a joy and peace given to them which shall make their lives happy, and make their passage into the other world more peaceful and serene. For one, I would willingly wander the forty years in the desert, if from some Pisgah I might look into the promised land, and feel that the time was coming when my children should enjoy an America absolutely free, when no more the groans of the slaves should reach their ears, when no more our fellow-creatures should be compelled to box themselves up as living freight and be transported on our railroads towards the North star, when no more should Northern citizens fear to go to the South, lest they should be imprisoned and subjected to indignity—a time in which this Democratic idea of which we think so much shall be really carried out, and America be given up to Religion, to Liberty, and to Law (loud applause).

Speech of Miss Mary Grew.

Wednesday Morning, May 9th.

MY FRIENDS—We do not come here merely to sing *Gloria in Excelsis;* to look into each other's faces, and predict good things for the future. There is something else which we have to do, and one most important matter is to consider that our work is not yet done. It is very pleasant thus to look back upon the past, and upon the great work which lay before us at the commencement of our enterprise, much of which we look upon, now, as already accomplished; and so congratulate ourselves upon that past. It is right thus to rejoice, if thus we gather strength for the future; but little use, otherwise, would much rejoicing be. The importance of this consideration was specially impressed upon my mind this morning, as I listened to the gentleman who occupied this platform a short time ago, and who, after rendering full justice in his testimony to the influence of this Anti-Slavery Society, and paying high compliments to those who have labored in connection with it, informed us, as we have often been informed before, that we do not propose any *practical* remedy for slavery. Now, if we have not proposed a practical remedy, who in this nation has proposed one? What is the practical remedy for error but the continued, uncompromising utterance of the truth? What is the remedy for any sin but its opposite, righteousness? Our remedy has always been the same, the preaching of truth, applied to this particular sin of slavery, in all its forms and phases; rebuking it in season and out of season, according to the ability which God has given us, and opposing it in word and deed and in daily life. What other remedy can we bring against sin but exhorting to righteousness?—what other remedy for falsehood but the truth? And, sir, if it had needed any answer to this charge, I think I could have found it in the gentleman's remarks. He speaks of the Republican party, and, in connection with it, of the power of ideas, evidently feeling, as deeply as you or I do, the great power of an idea. He knows, as well as you or I do, that it cuts deeper than a sword, goes farther than a bullet, and that there is nothing like it in all God's universe, and he says, as the highest praise that he can possibly give to the Republican party, that it has got for one plank in its platform, a great idea. They have caught a glimpse, I think he said, of some great truth, and have made it a plank in their platform, and on that he firmly planted his foot in defence of that party. Why, sir, our whole platform is made of it; and that one plank he acknowledges they borrowed from us. Welcome to it, right heartily, are they; I only wish they had the whole of it. But if their one plank makes their platform a practical remedy for slavery, how much more is our remedy a practical one, and our movement important? (Applause.) I wish, sir, that that gentleman, and all other defenders of the Republican party, who, looking upon the American Anti-Slavery Society, honor its aims and intentions, but somehow think it is not practical, would look at some of the other planks in their own platform. How do they propose to abolish slavery? We repudiate the fugitive slave statute, which we would not like to sully our lips by calling laws. Does the Republican party repudiate it? Do any of the leaders propose that, if the Republican party comes into power, that infamous statute shall not be enforced? We propose to lift up the black man, free and enslaved, in this country, to a level with the white man, by teaching the doctrine of the equal brotherhood of man and the equal political rights of all men; by repudiating that terrible prejudice against color which has trampled so many of our fellow-countrymen into the dust, depriving them of all means of moral, intellectual and spiritual elevation. How do *they* propose to remedy it?

A VOICE—By voting.

Miss GREW—Voting for whom, sir? For the man (the best of them all) who repudiates, in the name of the Republican party, any desire to make the negro equal with the white man? (Applause.) Vote for him, the best man you can put into office, and what will he do when he is there? Will he repudiate the Fugitive Slave statute? Will he lift his finger to give the black man any of his political rights? I suppose that one plank of which we have heard is the non-extension of slavery, which the Republican party boasts of—of which it has a right to boast; we are glad to grant to it all that it may honestly claim. But how is it going to remedy all these other evils? How is it going to abolish American slavery? The great thing, after all, that we are banded to destroy is slavery. It is not the millions who may hereafter be enslaved in the Territories for whom we are working especially to-day; it is for the millions who are now wearing bonds in our Southland. Is the Republican party going to set them free? If it is, its leaders are continually misrepresenting and belying it. Is it not continually asserting that it is "the white man's party?"—that it will not disturb the institution of slavery where it exists, only it will work mightily to prevent the chains of slavery from being put upon any other victims? That is very good, so far as it goes; but is that a remedy, a practical remedy, superior to ours, for this great evil, that curses our land?

People say, sometimes Abolitionists say, as they look about and see how the Republican presses, and even others, have changed their tone, and utter so much anti-slavery truth, some of which they never think of applying, and never mean to apply where it belongs, but which it is cheering for us to hear, "The Anti-Slavery Society may as well disband—its work is being done by others. The

THE SLAVER WILDFIRE.

SPECIAL MESSAGE OF PRESIDENT BUCHANAN.

To the Senate and House of Representatives.

On the 25th day of April last, Lieut Craven, of the United States steamer Mohawk, captured the slaver Wildfire, on the coast of Cuba, with five humared and seven African negroes on board. The prize was brought into Key West on the 30th April, and the negroes were delivered into the custody of Fernando J. Morena, Marshal of the Southern District of Florida.

The question which now demands immediate decision is, what disposition shall be made of these Africans? In the annual message to Congress of December 6, 1858, I expressed my opinion in regard to the construction of the act of the 3d March, 1819, "in addition to the acts prohibiting the slave trade," so far as the same is applicable to the present case. From this I make the following extract:

"Under the 2d section of this act the President is authorized to make such regulations and arrangements as he may deem expedient for the safe-keeping, support and removal beyond the limits of the United States of all such negroes, mulattoes, or persons of color, captured by vessels of the United States, as may be delivered to the marshal of the district into which they are brought, and to appoint a person or persons residing upon the coast of Africa as agent or agents for receiving the negroes, mulattoes, or persons of color, delivered from on board vessels seized in the prosecution of the slave trade by commanders of the United States armed vessels.'

"Mr. Monroe, in his special message of 17th December, 1819, at the first session after the act was passed, announced to Congress what, in his opinion, was its true construction. He believed it to be his duty under it to follow these unfortunates into Africa, and make provision for them there until they should be able to provide for themselves."

Adopting this construction of President Monroe, I entered into an agreement with the Colonization Society, dated 7th September, 1858, to receive the Africans which had been captured on the slaver Echo from the agent of the United States in Liberia; to furnish them during the period of one year thereafter with comfortable shelter, clothing and provisions; and to cause them to be instructed in the arts of civilized life suitable to their condition, at the rate of $150 for each individual. It was believed that within that period they would be prepared to become citizens of Liberia, and to take care of themselves. As Congress was not then in session, and as there was no outstanding appropriation applicable to this purpose, the Society were obliged to depend for payment on the future action of that body. I recommended this appropriation, and seventy-five thousand dollars were granted by the act of 3d March, 1859 (the Consular and Diplomatic bill), "to enable the President of the United States to carry into effect the act of Congress of 3d March, 1819, and any subsequent acts now in force for the suppression of the slave trade."

Of this appropriation there remains unexpended the sum of twenty-four thousand three hundred and fifty dollars and ninety cents ($24,350 90), after deducting from it an advance made by the Secretary of the Interior out of the judiciary fund of eleven thousand three hundred and forty-eight dollars and ten cents (11,348 10).

I regret to say that, under the mode adopted in regard to the Africans captured on board the Echo, the expense will be large; but this seems to a great extent to be inevitable, without a violation of the laws of humanity. The expenditure upon this scale for those captured on board the Wildfire will not be less than $100,000, and may considerably exceed that sum. Still it ought to be observed that, during the period when the Government itself, through its own agents, undertook the task of providing for captured negroes in Africa, the cost per head was much greater than that which I agreed to pay the Colonization Society.

But it will not be sufficient for Congress to limit the amount appropriated to the case of the Wildfire. It is probable, judging from the increased activity of the slave trade and the vigilance of our cruisers, that several similar captures may be made before the end of the year. An appropriation ought, therefore, to be granted, large enough to cover such contingencies.

The period has arrived when it is indispensable to provide some specific legislation for the guidance of the Executive on this subject. With this view, I would suggest that Congress might authorize the President to enter into a general agreement with the Colonization Society, binding them to receive on the coast of Africa from our agent there all the captured Africans which may be delivered to him, and to maintain them for a limited period, upon such terms and conditions as may combine humanity towards these unfortunates with a just economy. This would obviate the necessity of making a new bargain with every new capture, and would prevent delay and avoid expense in the disposition of the captured. The law might then provide that, in all cases where this may be practicable, the captor should carry the negroes directly to Africa, and deliver them to the American agent there, afterwards bringing the captured vessel to the United States for adjudication.

The capturing officer, in case he should bring his prize directly to the United States, ought to be required to land the negroes in some one or more ports to be designated by Congress, where the prevailing health throughout the year is good. At these ports cheap, but permanent, accommodations might be provided for the negroes, until they could be sent away, without incurring the expense of erecting such accommodations at every port where the capturing officer may think proper to enter. On the present occasion these negroes have been brought to Key West; and, according to the estimate presented by the Marshal of the Southern District of Florida to the Secretary of the Interior, the cost of providing temporary quarters for them will be $2,500, and the aggregate expenses for the single month of May will amount to $12,000. But this is far from being the worst evil. Within a few weeks the yellow fever will most probably prevail at Key West; and hence the Marshal urges their removal from their present quarters at an early day, which must be done, in any event, as soon as practicable. For these reasons I earnestly commend this subject to the immediate attention of Congress.

It is truly lamentable that Great Britain and the United States should be obliged to expend such a vast amount of blood and treasure for the suppression of the African slave trade; and this when the only portions of the civilized world where it is tolerated and encouraged are the Spanish Islands of Cuba and Porto Rico.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

WASHINGTON, May 19, 1860.

THE SLAVE TRADE IN THE SENATE.

From The Times.

Mr. WILSON, of Massachusetts, has at length introduced his bill in the Senate for the better suppression of the slave trade; and it certainly promises, if passed, to leave nothing undone that a mere act of Congress can do to put an end to American participation in the traffic. It authorizes the preparation of five sloops for service on the coast of Africa, and imposes on the District-Attorney the duty of searching carefully all vessels bound for the slave coast. It moreover releases naval officers from their present liability in an action for damages, in case they may make a mistake in overhauling a vessel suspected of being a slaver; substitutes imprisonment for life for the death penalty, and raises the prize-money on every captured negro from twenty-five to one hundred dollars. These are the principal provisions of Mr. Wilson's bill, and they are supported by a large number of minor clauses, which will give the act, if faithfully carried through, a fair prospect of real efficacy. Mr. Wilson ought, however, to add still another clause, adopting Mr. Buchanan's recommendation in his late message on this subject, and establishing dépôts for the negroes captured by cruisers, in which these unfortunate people can remain until returned to their own country. At present they are brought into the port nearest the point at which a slaver is taken, and enormous expense is incurred in providing them with food and shelter.

The last clause in the President's Message, in which he boldly asserts that the only places in which the traffic is "now encouraged and tolerated are the Spanish islands of Cuba and Porto Rico," painfully reminds us, however, at once of the sanguine and buoyant tone of Mr. Buchanan's mind, and of the difficulties which Mr. Wilson has to contend with. Nobody knows better than our "old public functionary" himself that the traffic is both tolerated and encouraged in all the cotton States of the South—that there is a large political party in those States, of whose creed the revival of the slave trade is a cardinal article; that the Judges of those States tax their ingenuity to the uttermost to find a loop-hole in the clearest provisions of the existing law in order to favor the escape of notorious slavers, and that there is hardly one of the Southern States in which a jury can be got to convict anybody of participation in the traffic, no matter how clear the proof may be. In these circumstances, with which Mr. Buchanan is just as familiar as with anything that goes on in the country, his attempt to fasten the whole blame on Spain unpleasantly resembles hypocritical cant. We have not yet got to dealing in African negroes as openly and vigorously as Spain, but kidnapping finds just as much encouragement and toleration at Savannah as in Cuba or Porto Rico.

These things force us to remember how little Mr. Wilson's bill may accomplish, after all, even if it should be passed into a law. An act of Congress is but a piece of paper. Its efficacy depends on the zeal and energy of those who are charged with its execution. Who can doubt that the clauses which provide for the punishment of slave-traders will prove as much of a dead letter, when invoked in the presence of Southern juries, as the clauses of the Fugitive Slave act are in the anti-slavery districts of the North? And yet, so long as the traffic is confined, as at present, to Southern seas, or Southern coasts, Northern juries are not likely to get a chance at these dealers in men. Our main reliance must, therefore, after all, be on the efforts of the Navy, to make the business unprofitable. These Mr. Wilson's bill will do a great deal to stimulate, by increasing the prize-money, and removing liability in case of mistake. New York, we may add, contributes more to keep the abomination alive than any port in the world, and the representatives of New York are therefore called upon to make special efforts in Congress towards putting it down.

THE NEGRO IN PUBLIC SCHOOL.—They are having some trouble in Cleveland, about colored children attending the public schools. One man brought the matter before the Board, and that body directed that "it was a foolish and hurtful prejudice," and told him that his little girl must sit beside a negro or leave the school.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

The Annual NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION will be held in the (new) MELODEON, in Boston, on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, May 30th and 31st, commencing on WEDNESDAY, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Let this Convention, in numbers, spirit, and tone, equal and exceed those which, with such marked effect upon the public mind and conscience, have preceded it. Let every New England State be fully represented, and let the free voices of the men and women of New England find clear and full utterance through the Convention.

Friends of the Anti-Slavery cause, from beyond New England, are cordially invited to attend.

In behalf of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society,

FRANCIS JACKSON, President.

ROBERT F. WALLCUT, Secretary.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

We suppose we need not tell our readers who the candidate of the Republican party is—at least what his name is. We dare say that a great proportion of them would be much obliged to us to tell them anything else about him. The conversion of the lightning into a news-carrier; which has robbed even the great Dailies of any priority of news, leaves us humbler Weeklies only the privilege of saying our say about it after it has long ceased to be news. We suppose that there has hardly ever been a Convention, since the invention of that ingenious machine for saving the people the labor of selecting their Presidents, that has excited so strong an interest in every part of the country as this one. The crowds in attendance, for the purpose of giving it form and pressure from without, were enormous. The city of Chicago swarmed with strange thousands—a political Mecca overrun with devout pilgrims from every quarter of the free States and from the outlying districts of the slave States. Very few, probably, who went up to that assembly imagined that it would result in the nomination of the candidate it has set up before the nation. Very many, we doubt not, went away with disappointment and rage in their hearts, though with shoutings and acclamations upon their lips. It is a fresh proof that personal obscurity and insignificance are essential elements in the highest national prosperity and promotion.

Sacrifices always preceded every great National Act in the history of the Republics of old. But the sacrifices which inaugurate the Olympiads of our Republic are not of bulls and goats, but of men. Human sacrifices are the only propitiation which can command the favor of the Powers that rule over us. And these, not of slaves, or of prisoners taken in war, but of the men whom we have fed fat with flattery and favor, and have made to believe that we intend nothing less than their apotheosis. Calhoun, and Clay, and Cass, and Webster have been the offerings we have made to secure the blessings of Van Buren, of Polk, of Pierce, and of Buchanan. And now Seward, and Chase, and Banks, and Fremont, are set aside for a Mr. Abraham Lincoln—no doubt a worthy and respectable person of some local consequence, but thoroughly insignificant and obscure, viewed from the stand-point of the nation. And we are by no means disposed to say that the Republicans may not have done wisely in their generation in this selection. Their object, necessarily, being to command success, rather than to deserve it, they must take counsel of flesh and blood, and choose the leader the most likely to conduct them to victory. Only, it is a humiliating commentary though an instructive one, on our institutions, that they make talent, and political experience, and public service, insuperable obstacles to the attainment of the highest trust the nation has to bestow. And this, however ready the ablest men have but too often shown themselves to stoop to unworthy compliances as a preliminary qualification of the competition.

Mr. Seward is the latest, and by no means the least remarkable, of this series of sacrificial offerings. He was, of all the men in the Republican party, the one who had a right to expect to be chosen to represent it. He held this great State in the hollow of his hand. He had aroused a very general enthusiasm by the strong anti-slavery inspiration of his Rochester speech. He had the courage to announce the existence of the Irrepressible Conflict, which all men felt to be a pervading fact, but which all other public men thought it wise and statesmanlike to pretend they did not see. He offered himself as the nucleus about which the great and growing anti-slavery feeling in the North might collect and take upon itself a practical political form and activity. We thought, and we made the statement emphatically at the time, that he had clearly discerned that the day of joining battle on this issue had now arrived, and that the North was prepared to perceive her rights and her dangers, and to maintain the one and to protect herself against the other. And we are by no means sure, if he had remained precisely in that lofty position, refusing to retract or to explain a word of that remarkable oration, that he would not have compelled a nomination from his party. The Republican party cannot prevail excepting through the belief on the part of the masses of the North that it represents the political anti-slavery idea. Nominated on the basis of that speech, he would have incarnated that idea, and a degree of enthusiasm might have been generated sufficient to sweep him onward to success. We all know that he thought another course would be more effectual to break the fury of the storm excited against him because of that speech, and roused to greater rage by the terrors of John Brown. We have no wish to enlarge on this theme at this time. We are sure he made a blunder in his last speech in the Senate, and we believe that his defeat was more a consequence of that utterance than of the one at Rochester. His Twenty-first of June followed closer upon his Seventh of March than did Daniel Webster's, but none the less inevitably.

Had Mr. Seward been nominated on the basis of the Rochester speech, the coming contest would have been one distinctly between the Anti-Slavery and Pro-Slavery principles. The Republican party can have no success excepting by making the Northern voters believe that it is such an one still. They may accept Mr. Lincoln; but if they wish to elect him, they must put him under bonds to keep his peace, or he can hardly fail to damage the *prestige* which it is their first business to create for him. And this we say with a very limited knowledge of his antecedents, but with a very sufficient one of his present necessities. We think the mistake the Republican leaders and candidates make lies in taking it for granted that they are sure of the voters of anti-slavery proclivities, and that all they can gather into their fold from the world lying in pro-slavery wickedness is so much clear gain. Whereas it is very possible to lose the former by measures which would yet fall short of securing the latter. For, indeed, as far as the platform laid down at Chicago is concerned, we do not see why Mr. Douglas would not have answered their purpose as well as Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Douglas for President and Mr. Eli Thayer for Vice-President would have been a very good ticket to embody the dilution of Popular Sovereignty which the Chicago resolutions contain—merely looking at the resolutions themselves. How different is that feeble show of virtue from the bold, defiant, unequivocal wickedness of the Democratic Confessions of Faith! If the slaveholders believed that that series of resolutions really expressed the heart of the Republican party, we do not think they would propose preventing the inauguration of its candidate, should it succeed in electing him. They certainly would have as good reason for interposing their veto against the coronation of that "worthy peer" King Stephen, should he win his way to the dubious throne.

But, the encouraging circumstance about this Convention, and about the political campaign which it is to open, is precisely this—that nobody will take it at its own word, and believe that it is better than it professes. Both the members and the enemies of the Republican party will persist in believing it better than it claims to be. It is an extraordinary instance of persons wishing to be thought worse than they really are. The slaveholders will insist upon its being no better than a collection of the most flagrant Abolitionists, and the great mass of its members will please themselves by believing that they are doing a good anti-slavery work in voting its ticket. And, in a certain low and modified sense, so they do. The campaign, just opening, will be regarded as a conflict between Slavery and Anti-Slavery—let the leaders define, and explain, and gloss as they will. And the result of this engagement may be to bring the party up to the point of a plainer statement and a fairer fight, next time; that is, if they are blest by the disappointment of their hopes. If they should be cursed with their prayers, we should be sorry to have to answer for their good behavior in power. But with reasonable good sense on the part of the Democrats—and they have never yet been found wanting in that diabolical cunning which is the height of partisan wisdom—they can hardly fail to carry the day again in one shape or another. And could this be done in such a way as to leave the opposition in force sufficient to block the action of Congress in the House, we think it would be the very best result which could be arrived at. The only avowed object of the Fremont struggle has been carried, with Buchanan in the chair. We think the Republican party better to hold back the wheels than to drive the car of State. We fear they are not yet strong enough for the place. Perhaps in four years they may grow up to it, or give place to a more stalwart successor.

A LETTER FROM REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

We have received the following letter from Mr. Frothingham, and we think its publication will gratify his friends, and the friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, who listened to the reading of the note which it is intended to explain. We are glad to be thus assured that we may continue to rank him among the trust friends of the Society and the cause, and we trust that, the grounds of misapprehension being removed on both sides, we shall often be permitted to hear his eloquent voice in our meetings. Certainly there was never a time when, more than now, the Society needed the hearty and unreserved cooperation of all who love its principles and appreciate its past services; above all, there was never a time when it more needed exactly the sort of aid which Mr. Frothingham, by his large culture and rare powers as a public speaker, is fitted to render.

NEW YORK, May 22, 1860.

MY DEAR MR. JOHNSON: I saw with surprise in *The Liberator* of last week that my note declining, for certain reasons, to speak at your Anniversary was read in public and criticized. To what purpose read, or with what temper criticized, did not appear; but your note of yesterday tells what was not printed in the Report, and leaves me in no doubt whatever as to the construction that was put on my words. Few things could pain me so much as your note; by no means because it was unkind or ungenerous in spirit, which it certainly was not, but because it told me I had been misunderstood by those whose good opinion is worth to me a great deal. Not that it is so much of a hardship to be misunderstood; that is often a necessity which must be submitted to as a matter of course. But to be misconceived unfavorably, by true and devoted men, is a calamity. Had I supposed my note would be read in public, I should have written a great deal more than I did, or a great deal less. I should have expressed myself more in detail, so that my full meaning might be taken at a glance, or I should simply have assigned an equally valid, though more common-place reason, for my absence as a speaker.

As I understand, the inference drawn from my note was this: that I had seceded from a position formerly assumed, and turned my back on the Anti-Slavery Society; that, having undertaken to gather a congregation in New York, I had found my connection with you and your cause an obstacle in the way of my success, and had therefore seen fit to disavow it; anti-slavery sentiments not being allowed in the fashionable preacher to a fashionable society. You speak of taking "backward steps," and intimate a discrepancy not to be reconciled between my recent letter and my printed speeches. Passing by now what appears to me the haste, not to say the uncharitableness, of this conclusion, I make speed at once to say that it is unjust. When I declared in my letter that I was unconscious of any such change in feeling, or of any such bias of motive, I said simply what was true. A fashionable preacher to a fashionable congregation, I am not, nor shall be, nor could be, nor desire to be, nor would consent to be. My congregation understand perfectly well that my convictions on the matter of slavery are clear, strong and earnest. They have never objected to those convictions; never asked me to change or to repress them; never, directly or indirectly, sought to influence any thought or speech in regard to them. Indeed, in this respect I have felt myself less submitted to constraint than I have been in other places, and have been under no pressing inducement to swerve from my anti-slavery faith. My note touched a point of policy, not a point of principle; policy which affected myself only as it implicated the movement of your Society.

That Society is organized for the express purpose of diffusing moral sentiments and moral truths touching the institution of slavery. This great work it does in several ways. It publishes papers, and very able ones they are; it circulates tracts, pithy, powerful, cheap; it supports eloquent and devoted lecturers in different parts of the country. Its annual conventions are but one of its agencies, not by any means, as I supposed, its most important or effectual one. In questioning, therefore, the policy by which I, erroneously perhaps, presumed these conventions to be regulated—in venturing even to question whether such conventions, assembled for the purpose of presenting the same points, asserting the same axioms, making the same criticisms, advocating the same constitutional theory, year after year, were necessary or wisest, it never occurred to me that I was declaring the Society superannuated, and pronouncing its mission ended. It never occurred to me that I was discarding its moral principles, or expressing a want of sympathy with its aims. By the "larger agencies" to which the cause seemed to me committed, I certainly did not mean the Republican party, or *The N. Y. Tribune*; no, nor even *The N. Y. Herald*; I meant the moral consciousness of the people which your Society has done more than anything else to create: I meant the broader opportunities presented now for addressing radical anti-slavery truth to popular assemblies; I meant the more copious overflow of righteous sentiment in newspapers, magazines, lectures, books and sermons; I meant, in a word, all the means of influence which able men and women can employ so much more effectively than at any previous time, and which in a measure may supersede some of the methods that were absolutely essential once, when the sentiment had to be localized in order to be felt at all, and the only place for utterance was the platform which Mr. Garrison and his friends erected.

Suppose me mistaken, now, in this opinion, as very possibly I may be; suppose me to overrate the value of these "larger agencies," and to underrate the value of your conventions; suppose me misinformed in regard to the policy pursued at your meetings, and the number or character of those who attend them; surely it does not follow that I am recreant to the great cause itself, and am unwilling to be counted among its least worthy champions; surely it does not follow that I hold your Society's mission to be accomplished, and have no counsel to give it but to disband. Moral earnestness never stales by use. The prophet is never untimely or misplaced. The abstract ethics of the slavery question need to be iterated and reiterated, in all their simplicity and purity, by the ablest and the most eloquent men, with an emphasis that never falters, and a firmness that never shrinks. Hard as the self-imposed task of those who have consecrated themselves to the work has been hitherto, in creating a public sentiment where all was apathy and coldness, the task of preserving that sentiment free from political and economical corruption will be harder still; and I have nothing but honor for those who, having persevered in the first duty, stand ready to discharge the duty that succeeds.

It was my misfortune to be prevented from attending either of your sessions during anniversary week by the labors and fatigues incident to a change of residence. Report says the meetings were unusually large, the speaking uncommonly able, the impression produced manifestly deep and solemn. I am very glad indeed if it was so, and most heartily do I congratulate you and all the friends of the good cause upon it. Let us hope that those who most needed the truth came to hear the truth spoken; that they received it there, and in that form as willingly as they would receive it anywhere and under any form; that they carried it away with them and diffused it among their friends and neighbors through the larger or smaller channels which were open to them. The virtue of the moisture is the same, whether charging the atmosphere as mist, or gemming the ground as dew, or thundering down in torrents as rain. Some are born to thunder and lighten and shatter things to the ground. Others are born to let their daily sun rise and their gentler showers fall to ripen the tender seeds of goodness in the ground. Some are sent to regenerate the conscience and others to direct it. Some have commission to lay the axe at the root of the tree, and others cannot break the bruised reed. Some try men by law, while others win men by love. We will hope that every method will be faithfully used. I do not ask that any operations should be cut off, but only that the spirit, where it exists, should be recognized as working in these all.

Yours, with affectionate sincerity,

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

THE CONFLICT IN THE CHURCH OF THE PURITANS.

We stated, not long ago, that the opponents of Dr. Cheever in the Society of the Church of the Puritans were attempting to reverse the officially recorded result of the recent election for three members of the Board of Trustees, and to foist into the Board two of their own men, upon the pretence, set up on *ex parte* grounds, that some of the votes cast for the persons declared to have been elected were illegal; and this in face of the fact that both the inspectors, whose right and duty it was, under the statute, to sit in judgment upon the qualifications of voters, were of their own party! The count having disappointed them, they set up this plea of illegal voting as against Dr. Cheever's friends, and actually certified the election of the very men whom they had themselves pronounced defeated! And these men actually attempted, on this bogus certificate, to take their seats in the Board! The friends of Dr. Cheever thereupon procured an injunction upon the bogus Trustees from the Supreme Court, and the Judge, after hearing the parties, decided that the inspectors of the election, having once declared the result, could not reverse their decision, and therefore that the gentlemen voted for by Dr. Cheever's friends were legally chosen. The Judge, however, denied the application for a permanent injunction, not deeming that the legal remedy. The question is now before the Court upon an application for a mandamus to compel the inspectors to furnish certificates to the men whom they declared elected.

The opponents of Dr. Cheever called a meeting of the Society, not long since, in the hope of being able to procure a vote condemning the action of the Doctor and his friends in sending to Great Britain for pecuniary aid. The subject was discussed at several successive meetings, ending at length in the practical defeat of the anti-Cheever party by an adjournment for six months. The effect of the discussion was to rally the friends of Dr. Cheever unitedly to his support, and to clear up the fog that had so long obscured their path. The policy of the Dr.'s enemies is to hold on to the Society and labor to *starve him out of the pulpit*. We doubt if the history of the intrigues of Tammany Hall for the last twenty years can furnish anything to match the meanness and the unscrupulousness of this faction.

ANNIVERSARY SPEECHES.

Our outside pages this week are entirely filled with Speeches delivered at the recent Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society. If any of our readers shall conclude that they are printed merely as a form, or to gratify the feelings of the authors, or for any reason other than their substantial merit and their adaptation to excite a deeper interest in the anti-slavery cause, they will fall into a great mistake. The names of J. ELIZABETH JONES, Rev. GEORGE F. NOYES, MARY GREW, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, WILLIAM WELLS BROWN, Rev. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW and Rev. BERIAH GREEN are not likely to be found associated with addresses unworthy the careful attention of any friend of liberty; and we do not hesitate to say that the two pages of THE STANDARD devoted to their Speeches have rarely been filled with matter of more interest or of graver importance. They ought, together with the other Speeches and Proceedings of the Annual Meeting, to be published forthwith in pamphlet form, for the widest possible circulation on both sides of the Atlantic.

The record of the American Society's Anniversary is now complete in our columns, and it is one which every friend of the Society may contemplate with pleasure and pride. Next week we shall publish the Speeches of Messrs. TILTON, PHILLIPS and GARRISON before the New York Anti-Slavery Society, each revised by its author. The meeting at which they were delivered has been declared, by persons long familiar with such scenes, to have been the most interesting and sublime in all its features of any within their experience. The Speeches, we are sure, will not disappoint the expectations which even this statement is calculated to excite.

A WORD FROM BARBADOS.

Extract of a letter to the Editor from Rev. HENRY BLEBY, *dated Barbados, April 28, 1860.*

"A fine old hero was John Brown—the man of a million! Providence surely raised him up, and permitted him to fall into the hands of the Virginians, that slavery might appear to the world in all its dark and sanguinary atrocity, by the murder of one so great and good. The Slave Power sends to the gallows one who would be venerated and honored for the true nobility of his character in any civilized country under the sun! John Brown's death will, I expect, prove to be a heavy blow dealt to American slavery. Sam Sharpe died upon the gallows, for what appeared, at the time, to be an abortive attempt to break the chains of slavery in the British Colonies; and, though a black man and a slave, he was not unworthy to be placed in the same category with Brown; but the attempt was not really abortive. It created a panic similar to that which prevails in the Southern States, and induced the planters to enter into combination for driving away all who were suspected of being haters of oppression and the enslavement of man—just as it is now in your slaveholding States; and it also produced a profound conviction, with those who would not believe slavery to be a sin, that it was pregnant with danger, and, contrary to all expectation, in two years after Sharpe was offered up on the gallows, to appease the sanguinary appetite of the monster, the decree went forth that slavery in the British dominions should cease to be. I make no pretensions to the spirit of prophecy, or to any extraordinary degree of sagacity, but, judging from my own observation of the course of events in the past, I cannot but believe that matters are verging to a crisis with regard to the slave question in your land, and the catastrophe is nearer than many persons are willing to believe. The Southerners are helping it on, even as the West India planters shattered the fetters of the enslaved by the very blows which were intended to rivet them in perpetuity."

REV. THEODORE PARKER.—The latest intelligence from this noble friend of humanity, so justly dear to thousands in his native land, is of a very painful character. It is embraced in the following paragraph from the Boston *Traveller*:

"Letters from Florence, received in this city, confirm the statements in regard to the dangerous illness of the Rev. Theodore Parker. For several weeks previous to the date of the letter (the latter part of April), he had been failing sensibly, while a serious depression of spirits reacted upon his bodily condition. Feeling that something must be speedily done, a consultation of Dr. Appleton, Mr. Apthorp of Boston, and others of his friends, was called, and it was decided to obtain a vetturino, with a view of transporting him by easy journeys to Florence, in the hope that new sights and scenes might improve his mental condition. For two days the journey was prosecuted, but then the patient became so weak that the vetturino was abandoned. After a period of rest, he was taken to Florence by rail, and at last accounts was surrounded by his friends, growing daily weaker and weaker, with but faint hopes of another rally. The tenor of the letter, which was written by one often at his bedside, bids his friends here to prepare for early intelligence of an afflictive character."

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION.

The Republican Convention for the nomination of candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States assembled in Chicago on Wednesday, May 16th. Hon. David Wilmot, of Pa., was appointed temporary Chairman. The permanent President was Hon. George Ashmun, of Massachusetts, formerly a Webster Whig. All the free and six of the slave States (Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri and Texas) were represented. The place of meeting was one built for the purpose by the Republicans of Chicago and known as "The Wigwam." It is capable of holding 10,000 persons—the platform alone being large enough to accommodate the delegates, 466 in number. No sooner were the doors opened than the body of the immense hall was densely packed with men, while the galleries were filled with ladies. The crowd on the outside was immense. The excitement, from the outset, is said to have exceeded anything ever before witnessed in the country. The friends of Seward were united, enthusiastic and confident of success, while those opposed to his nomination seemed unable to unite on any one of the other numerous aspirants.

The Committee to prepare a Platform, consisting of one member from each State, reported, through Judge Jessup, of Pa., the following, which was enthusiastically adopted:

REPUBLICAN PLATFORM—1860.

Resolved, That we, the delegated representatives of the Republican Electors of the United States, in Convention assembled, in the discharge of the duty we owe to our constituents and our country, unite in the following declarations:

First: That the history of the nation during the last four years has fully established the propriety and necessity of the organization and perpetuation of the Republican party, and that the causes which called it into existence are permanent in their nature, and now more than ever before demand its peaceful and constitutional triumph.

Second: That the maintenance of the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence, and embodied in the Federal Constitution, is essential to the preservation of our republican institutions; that the Federal Constitution, the rights of the States, and the Union of the States, must and shall be preserved; [and that we reassert "these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."]

Third: That to the Union of the States this nation owes its unprecedented increase in population; its surprising development of material resources; its rapid augmentation of wealth; its happiness at home and its honor abroad; and we hold in abhorrence all schemes for disunion, come from whatever source they may; and we congratulate the country that no Republican Member of Congress has uttered or countenanced a threat of disunion, so often made by Democratic Members of Congress without rebuke and with applause from their political associates; and we denounce those threats of disunion, in case of a popular overthrow of their ascendancy, as denying the vital principles of a free government, and as an avowal of contemplated treason, which it is the imperative duty of an indignant people strongly to rebuke and forever silence.

Fourth: That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions, according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political faith depends, and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes.

Fifth: That the present Democratic Administration has far exceeded our worst apprehensions in its measureless subserviency to the exactions of a sectional interest, as is especially evident in its desperate exertions to force the infamous Lecompton Constitution upon the people of Kansas—in construing the personal relation between master and servant to involve an unqualified property in persons—in its attempted enforcement everywhere, on land and sea, through the intervention of Congress and the Federal Courts, of the extreme pretensions of a purely local interest, and in its general and unvarying abuse of the power intrusted to it by a confiding people.

Sixth: That the people justly view with alarm the reckless extravagance which pervades every department of the Federal Government; that a return to rigid economy and accountability is indispensable to arrest the system of plunder of the public treasury by favored partisans; while the recent startling developments of fraud and corruption at the Federal metropolis show that an entire change of administration is imperatively demanded.

Seventh: That the new dogma that the Constitution of its own force carries slavery into any or all the Territories of the United States, is a dangerous political heresy, at variance with the explicit provisions of that instrument itself, with contemporaneous exposition, and with legislative and judicial precedent, is revolutionary in its tendency and subversive of the peace and harmony of the country.

Eighth: That the normal condition of all the territory of the United States is that of freedom; that as our republican fathers, when they had abolished slavery in all our national territory, ordained that no person should be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without the process of law, it becomes our duty, by legislation, whenever such legislation is necessary, to maintain this provision of the Constitution against all attempts to violate it; and we deny the authority of Congress, of a Territorial Legislature, or of any individuals, to give legal existence to slavery in any Territory of the United States.

Ninth: That we brand the recent reopening of the African slave trade, under the cover of our national flag, aided by perversions of judicial power, as a crime against humanity, a burning shame to our country and age, and we call upon Congress to take prompt and efficient measures for the total and final suppression of that execrable traffic.

Tenth: That in the recent vetoes by their Federal Governors of the acts of the Legislatures of Kansas and Nebraska, prohibiting slavery in those Territories, we find a practical illustration of the boasted Democratic principle of non-intervention and popular sovereignty, embodied in the Kansas and Nebraska bill, and a denunciation of the deception and fraud involved therein.

Eleventh: That Kansas should of right be immediately admitted as a State under the Constitution recently formed and adopted by her people, and accepted by the House of Representatives.

Twelfth: That while providing revenue for the support of the general government by duties upon imports, sound policy requires such an adjustment of these imposts as to encourage the development of the industrial interest of the whole country, and we commend that policy of national exchanges which secures to the working-men liberal wages, to agriculture remunerating prices, to mechanics and manufacturers an adequate reward for their skill, labor and enterprise, and to the nation commercial prosperity and independence.

Thirteenth: That we protest against any sale or alienation to others of the public lands held by actual settlers, and against any view of the free Homestead policy which regards the settlers as paupers or supplicants for public bounty, and we demand the passage by Congress of the complete and satisfactory Homestead measure which has already passed the House.

Fourteenth: That the Republican party is opposed to any change in our Naturalization laws, or any State legislation by which the rights of citizenship hitherto accorded to immigrants from foreign lands shall be abridged or impaired; and in favor of giving full and efficient protection to the rights of all classes of citizens, whether native or naturalized, both at home or abroad.

Fifteenth: That appropriations by Congress for River and Harbor Improvements of a national character, required for the accommodation and security of an existing commerce, are authorized by the Constitution and justified by an obligation of the government to protect the lives and property of its citizens.

Sixteenth: That a railroad to the Pacific Ocean is imperatively demanded by the interests of the whole country; that the Federal Government ought to render immediate and efficient aid in its construction, and that, as preliminary thereto, a daily overland mail should be promptly established.

Seventeenth: Finally, having thus set forth our distinctive principles and views, we invite the co-operation of all citizens, however differing on other questions, who substantially agree with us in their affirmance and support.

The following resolution was subsequently adopted, on motion of Joshua R. Giddings:

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with those men who have been driven, some from their native States and others from the States of their adoption, and are now exiled from their homes on account of their opinions; and we hold the Democratic party responsible for the gross violations of that clause of the Constitution which declares that citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens of the several States.

The words in the second resolution which we have included in brackets [] were not in the platform as reported. Joshua R. Giddings first moved to add them as an amendment, but was voted down by a large majority in deference to the tender feelings of some in the party who are opposed to negro equality; Mr. Carter, of Ohio, pronouncing it "all gas," and Eli Thayer, of Massachusetts, saying with a sneer that "he believed in the Ten Commandments, but he did not desire to see them embodied in the platform." Afterwards, G. W. Curtis, Esq., of New York, renewed Mr. Giddings's motion, and appealed to the Convention in an eloquent speech not to vote down the immortal words of the Declaration of Independence. He cautioned them to beware how they receded from the position they had occupied at Philadelphia in 1856. The amendment was adopted.

Two days having been employed in preliminaries, the balloting for candidates began on Friday morning. The friends of Seward, led by Thurlow Weed, were confident of success, and indeed they seemed almost sure to win from the apparent impossibility of concentrating the opposition to him on a single candidate. The first ballot resulted as follows:

For Mr. Seward.

Maine	10	Wisconsin	10
New Hampshire	1	Iowa	2
Massachusetts	21	California	8
New York	70	Minnesota	4
Pennsylvania	1½	Kansas	6
Maryland	3	Nebraska	2
Virginia	8	District of Columbia	2
Kentucky	5	Total	173½
Michigan	12		
Texas	4		

For Mr. Lincoln.

Maine	6	Ohio	8
New Hampshire	7	Indiana	26
Massachusetts	14	Illinois	22
Connecticut	2	Iowa	2
Pennsylvania	4	Nebraska	1
Virginia	14	Total	102
Kentucky	6		

For Mr. Bates.

Rhode Island	1	Texas	2
Connecticut	7	Iowa	1
Maryland	8	Oregon	5
Delaware	6	Total	48
Missouri	18		

For Mr. Cameron—Pennsylvania, 47½; Virginia, 1; Iowa, 1; Nebraska, 1—Total, 50½.

For Mr. McLean—Rhode Island, 5; Pennsylvania, 1; Kentucky, 1; Ohio, 4; Iowa, 1—Total, 12.

For Mr. Chase—New Hampshire, 1; Rhode Island, 1; Connecticut, 2; Kentucky 8; Iowa, 1; Ohio, 34; Nebraska, 2—Total, 49.

For Mr. Wade—Connecticut, 1; Kentucky, 2; Total, 3.

For Mr. Dayton—New Jersey, 14.

*For Mr.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU....XXXI.

MAY 7th, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IN my last letter I observed on the mistakes made by Lord Grey and *The Times* newspaper about "American rowdyism" as exhibited in Congress. Your friends here are doing their best to make it understood that the undeniable "rowdyism" is all on the side of the Southern aristocracy, and a direct consequence of the original sacrifice of the democratic principle to the aristocratic one of a property qualification in the three-fifths franchise; and we are powerfully aided in this by Mr. Lovejoy's fine speech. If that speech, together with a knowledge of the political circumstances under which it was uttered, could be set before the European public, we should hear no more of rowdyism in the Legislature as a result of democratic institutions. A different question, and a very discouraging one, would then be discussed on all hands, viz.: how it is possible that such a state of things as exists among you could ever have arisen while the numbers on the slavery question are what Mr. Lovejoy declares, and Mr. Helper has proved. If only two millions of your people are interested on behalf of slavery, and twenty-eight millions are interested in free labor, how is it that slavery exists from day to day? The perplexity in the minds of our people would be extreme; and I need not point out the fatal effects of such a mystery on the reputation of the "free institutions" of which Americans boast. It may well be asked what advantages republicanism offers, as a set off against the social conveniences (so much lauded in Paris) of despotic government, if your people are no more really free than the Russians, Austrians and French in political and personal matters, while subject to the disturbances, irregularities and corruption of popular government. Englishmen are apt to wonder at even the poor Neapolitans for allowing themselves to be overridden by a tyrannical government and its creatures—numbering perhaps in the same proportion as your Southern two millions to the rest of your nation; and yet they have long been disintegrated as a community by a spying and ferocious police. We are apt to not only pity, but somewhat despise the French nation for permitting the total forfeiture of their liberties, after having lived under representative institutions, and enjoyed some liberty of the press; and the apology made for them, by themselves and their friends, is the difficulty of concert, and the consequent impossibility of making a first move towards the overthrow of the despotism which is hourly lowering their national character. What can we think, then, of the Americans, who boast of having their destiny in their own hands, who call themselves a self-governing people, and who yet permit their *morale* as a nation, and their reputation, and the principles of their commonwealth, to be degraded and disgraced by a fourteenth part of their population? You, and a few of your friends here, may be able to explain how this is; but you may easily see what Europe in general must think of the case. We are still and always hoping that retrieval will take place. If not, it is the worst portent of our century.

After all that has been said about your portentous condition, and all the insulting fears professed in regard to our working-classes, our Reform Bill has passed the second reading (which was the dangerous stage) in the House of Commons without a division. Our young "conservative" members have played tricks which might fairly be called "rowdy" to throw out the measure they had precluded themselves from voting against—even obstructing the entrance of members in order to cause a "count-out," and they have lost their characters as honorable legislators, and proved the necessity of the reform, without obtaining their object. They have in fact played the game of the reformers; and it only remains to settle the details of the Bill in Committee and pass it through the Lords, who, for several reasons, cannot refuse it, and to see what sort of constituents our superior working-men will make. They may easily send better men to Parliament than those who would have kept them outside the political pale; but it is doubtful whether the number admitted to the suffrage will produce any appreciable effect on the quality of the legislature. Much of the alarm excited or professed is due to the mistake—a very gross one—of confounding the functions of representatives and delegates. When we hear doubts expressed of the competence of our working-class citizens to understand "perplexing political questions," we can but inquire how many of the existing constituencies do so. They have the franchise to enable them to return members whom they consider competent to that work, and who, therefore, are generally of their way of thinking, as well as morally qualified and politically instructed. Our electors do not instruct their representatives; but, having ascertained them to hold the same principles, they return them for the very purpose of carrying those principles into the questions of the day, with the advantage of superior knowledge of the way to do it. Working men are as capable as any other men of making this choice; and if any of them have ignorant notions and foolish theories on "perplexing political questions," they have no means of sending delegates up to the House to propound them, against the good sense of their fellow-citizens. If they had, if an ignorant or crotchety delegate should now and then appear among six hundred and fifty representatives, he could only expose himself and those who sent him there, and waste a little time before sinking into insignificance. Our working-classes are not a political body—are not a body of any kind. They are made up of millions of individuals who differ, like the men of other classes, in their views and opinions and desires; and they have no more power or wish or idea of taking the legislation of the country by assault than the mercantile class, or any other. It looks like a very needless thing to say all this to you, who live in the midst of universal suffrage; but it may possibly be of some use and some interest to point out in a brief way the grounds of opposition to an important constitutional measure, and its real character as understood by its supporters.

Of the prospects of the Sicilian revolt we know no more than when I last wrote. More than once within the fortnight we have almost despaired, under the announcement that the insurgents were dispersed, and the "disturbance" completely over; and then again evidence has arisen that the conflict still goes on, and that all the royal forces and ammunition sent from Naples have failed to restore "order." If Garibaldi and a troop of followers have really gone, we cannot but hope for some success in store; but this depends on the supplies of arms and ammunition in the hands of the patriots. This is the ground of fear. We cannot indulge the hope that Victor Emanuel will send aid. He is not his own master. His French ally will not permit it; and he cannot stir without the permission of the *parvenu* Emperor whose vassal he has stooped to be, and whose subjects are commanding and replenishing the army which is mustering against the new kingdom of Northern Italy.

The Spiritualist exercises of that immoral man and iniquitous sovereign are narrated in our newspapers; and very curious they are, and very delectable, no doubt, to the host of spiritualists in your country. The Emperor might, for once, render a service to his race if he, with his knowledge of what science is, would bear his testimony to the phenomena of spiritualism being subjects of scientific inquiry, and of what sort of science. But I fear this moody, superstitious being, with his love of the marvellous, and his contempt for other men's understandings, will be more disposed to keep up ignorance than dispel it. Between the blind folly of those who treat the phenomena as false, and the confident ignorance of believers who jump to the conclusion that the phenomena are of spiritual origin, we are not exactly in the way of wisdom; and the filling of lunatic asylums is a terrible evidence of the extent to which we have gone astray. We must hope that some humble and dispassionate inquirers, real philosophers, are busy somewhere, tracing the phenomena to their origin. To treat as falsehoods facts established by overwhelming testimony in all civilized countries is mere mischief-making. To suppose that what is seen and heard comes from the spirits of dead men is far more excusable, because it is the only possible supposition to persons who have no means of forming a conception of what remains to be learned of the powers and operations of the human brain; but it is at least as mischievous as the other mistake. As yet, no one pretends to have a scientific explanation ready to apply to such cases as the appearance of a hand which writes, and arranges somebody's hair or clothes, and carries articles across a room; but there is a wise man here and there who perceives in what direction to search, and has sufficient philosophical imagination to supply analogies which indicate the true path. I was struck by a remark of a friend of mine when the discourse turned on the invariable tendency of witnesses to take for granted that the actual spirits of the dead converse with them, without stopping to inquire whether the manifestations might not proceed from some unconscious action of their own faculties. My friend observed that such a persuasion was at first unavoidable, and yet might be quite a mistake; adding that if we could imagine water to have never been seen by the human race, and that a man should reach a still lake in the middle of a wood, open to the sky, he must, on looking in, confidently believe that he saw another world under his feet. In time he would discover the reflective quality of water; and we may in time discover a reflective or representative quality in certain organs of our brain, hitherto entirely unsuspected. This illustration seems to me to be so much more than an illustration as to merit careful meditation. And here I will stop, as I have nothing to offer from my own experience. I have never witnessed the phenomena, beyond simple table-turning (which includes jumping and walking). I have heard enough to be satisfied that many marvellous facts are true; and I have seen only too much evidence that the facts are grievously misused by believers and unbelievers. All the while the lunatic asylums are filling, and unbounded mischief, intellectual and moral, is done; so that the topic is no light one, in comparison with any other question of the day.

H. M.

LETTERS FROM ITALY....II.

MILAN, April 21, 1860.

WHEN I wrote you last, the telegraphic wires, confirming the doubts expressed in a letter from one of the principal actors in the Sicilian drama, then at Messina, left us little hope of the prolongation of the revolution. Now, on the contrary, the insurrection is spreading from point to point. Yet I can scarcely tell you whether fear or hope predominates in our hearts—we have so much at stake, many of our best friends being there. If I could smuggle this letter to Liverpool without its passing France, I would give you a list such as would prove that the Republican party is not dead, despite the hymns of triumph sung over its imaginary tomb. Of one only I will speak, since, whether he conquers or falls, he is too much compromised with ALL Italian governments for publicity to increase his perils. I refer to Rosalino Pilo, one of the staunchest republicans living, and a member of one of the oldest aristocratic familes of Palermo, and now one of the principal leaders of the Sicilian revolution. On the 12th of January, 1848, Pilo was one of the most audacious insurgents—continued to preach and act resistance until the last hope was over; then he escaped to Genoa, where, in 1856, together with Pisocane Nicatira and Falcone, he prepared the heroic expedition of Sapri. He embarked in the vessel containing the arms and ammunition whose wreck caused the ultimate failure of the expedition; nothing daunted, while Pisocane went to Naples to explain the cause of the delay, Pilo, assisted by a few friends, collected fresh funds, so that, a fortnight after his first voyage, Pisocane was enabled to return South. But fate had reserved Pilo for other destinies; embarking again with the arms and ammunition, the Caglieri, containing Pisocane and the other leaders, for some reason which must remain unexplained until Nicatira be free, failed to give the signal agreed upon, so Pilo, together with the arms and ammunition, were left behind, to his unspeakable mortification. Escaping from Genoa to Malta only one hour before Sardinian *Caribinieri* arrived at his house with the order of arrest. Pilo passed the next two years in England, returning to Italy in August, 1859, where, as the supposed bearer of letters from Mazzini, then in Florence, to General Roselli, in Bologna, he was arrested by Cipriani, and confined in the Torronne, where, by orders of the Governor, he was passed off as a Sicilian captain, in the service of King Ferdinand, while Mario, imprisoned with his wife at the same time, passed for a Venetian spy in the service of Austria; released in October, he was conducted to the Swiss frontier by Sardinian Carabinieri, and arrived at Lugano, and detailed in *The Gazetta Ticinese* the infamous treatment he had received at the hands of an Italian government. This drew upon him the ire of the Piedmontese officials, who, seizing the paltry pretext that he had consigned Mazzini's manuscript—M. GIOVANI D'ITALIA—to the printer, procured his expulsion from the Canton Tessin—a fruitless vengeance, as Pilo was already in Milan, collecting funds for the Sicilian insurrection, which he, together with Mazzini, had been for months concerting with the principal leaders in Sicily. An earlier day was fixed, but the *moderates* succeeded in stifling the movement, and the premature outbreak of Bagheria was crushed at once. In December, we ourselves accompanied Pilo on board a steamer at ——, bound for ——, whence, in the early part of March, he started for Sicily. The last news we have of him is contained in one line from an old veteran of the Republican cause outside Messina: "Pilo is in full march for Catania. If he is not aided, they will be crushed. Let the guilty slaves look to it." I insist upon these particulars, because, while the revolution in Sicily seemed likely to prove a failure, the Moderates, the *Cavour-at-any-price* men, laughed the attempt to scorn, and I know of one young man treated as a madman in Turin for setting out to the rescue. But now that things seem looking up a little, the Tarinese organ of that party, *The Opinione*, of the 20th, writes: "Midst the strange rumors that reach us, we hear it asserted that Rosalino Pilo is one of the chiefs of the Sicilian revolution. We are in a position to affirm that this assertion has not the slightest foundation." If the revolution fails at last, *The Opinione* will insert a paragraph to the effect that it was mistaken concerning Pilo, etc., etc. Before knowing the result, I can affirm that the movement originates entirely with the Republican party; if they fail, their failure is more glorious than the success of the Moderates, who have bartered Savoy and Nice for Lombardy and Parma; if they succeed, their success will change the entire aspect of Italian affairs. The banner they unfurl is that of "Italy, One, Free and Independent," and I can vouch for it that no opposition will be offered to annexation with Piedmont; on the contrary, Sicily will be offered to Victor Emanuel, but a frank *yes* or *no* will be demanded in return. Now, Piedmont cannot say *yes* without breaking with France, who has expressly forbidden Cavour to favor or further any attempt at insurrection or to accept the island in case of success. Hitherto, the Piedmontese government has faithfully obeyed the mandate. You will have read Cavour's insolent reply to Bertoni's interpellation, and I know that Garibaldi has failed to obtain any sort of help for his purposed expedition; even the money collected for the 1,000,000 muskets, the greater portion of which is in the hands of the government, is refused to him, and you find some slight expression of his wrath in a letter to the Brescians accepting the citizenship as an Italian, while as a Nizzardo he does not renounce "his cradle, his mother's tomb, and Italian rights on the land of Segurano and of Massena." In this letter he exclaims, "How vile it is to abandon, to deny our brethren groaning under the heavy chains of oppression, under one pretence or another, with the cowardly compassion of the cynic to take refuge in cold, guilty, abominable selfishness! The history of Italian misfortunes is cemented by the abandonment of those in peril by those who were not menaced, those who were corrupted"; and referring to a certain Camozzi, who, he says, was modest as a virgin, but who owned the soul of a Camillo, he takes care to warn his readers that he means the *Roman* Camillo and not the *Tarinese*. Ah, would to God that Garibaldi had felt as he now feels, spoken as he now speaks, when he was master of the field—when, by crossing the Rubicon he might have decided the destinies of Italy! But even now his words find echo, and nothing has surprised me more than the following paragraph in the Messina correspondence of *The Couriere Mercantile of Genoa*, a paper which supports the government through thick and thin. After describing the city in a state of siege, the frightful cruelties committed by the troops and the protest against the menaced bombardment of all the Consuls, *save the Sardinian*, the writer continues:

"The Consuls, in abandoning the miserable city, placed their respective flags on the balconies, *but the Sardinian Consul not only would not place his, but was base enough*—'EBBE LA VITTA'—to ask the permission of Gen. Russe to do so, to which demand the General replied in precisely the following terms: 'I marvel at your advancing such a demand, when you well know that all the present emergencies originate with your government and with that flag which you would have pitied.' Other Consuls were present at this reply. See the point we are arrived at! In consequence, the Sardinian subjects were forbidden to place an inscription on the doors of their houses or magazines, indicating themselves owners of the same, as other foreign subjects were allowed to do—for the words Sardinian property were substituted Foreign subjects. So now you know what the Sardinian representative is."

These are the effects of Cavour's cowardly policy. Fearing the people more than the Austrians, he is resolved that Italy shall not owe her freedom to Italian hands, but shall remain bound and chained at the feet of the Paris despot. In the present state of affairs, seeing that the King of Naples is not disposed to yield to the suggestions of his uncle, a slight show of sympathy on the part of Sardinia would encourage the Neapolitans to join the movement, in which case the fall of the Bourbon dynasty is inevitable, and Sardinia would find herself at the head of twenty-one millions of subjects, while an army of 150,000 men, a splendid fleet, abundance of war material, would enable her to hold out against any and all pretenders who should dare to dispute her right; add to this the inevitable revolution in Umbria and the Marshes, and it is evident that it remains with Piedmont to make herself mistress of the whole of Italy, minus Venice, whose liberation could not then be far distant! But Cavour is the slave of Napoleon; he will let the occasion pass, and either the insurrection will fail from want of aid, or, succeeding in the Island alone, will produce little or no effect on the rest of Italy. Despite the favorable news just arrived, the culpable inaction of Naples fills us with terror. Will King Ferdinand grant a constitution? ask some. Will Piedmont accept us if we give ourselves to her. Or, after the revolution is over, shall we have to choose between French terrorism or a short-lived republic? All these questions are being agitated on *terra firma*, while the Sicilians are dying by hundreds in the Island; true, the patriots are daily gaining ground; in Trapani the troops have fraternized with the people, who have refused to receive offers of reconciliation; true, all the inhabitants of Messina capable of bearing arms have abandoned the city and are marching on Catania, and if they succeed in liberating that city, which is probable, as the garrison is feeble, will return and attack the royal troops in Palermo: true, Calabria is in flames, but, without help from Naples or from the north of Italy, it seems to me they cannot gain a complete victory save by miracle. Great agitation prevails here; the press is beginning to cry, "Help for Sicily"; numbers of young men have come to us to know if Garibaldi is really going, and offering themselves as volunteers. None can understand the inaction of the government here; and if the movement lasts, I yet hope that popular pressure will produce its effect. Of course, we don't expect open aid, but such funds and facilities as Turin can furnish without compromising the state; such help as was *promised*, some time since, by the chiefs of the moderate party, should the radicals succeed in initiating a movement without broaching a republic. But what are promises in comparison with orders from the Tuileries? All the other questions on the carpet, the neutral portions of Savoy, the panic in Germany, the French alliance with Denmark, the ever-increasing friendship between Paris and Petersburg, the famous pamphlet entitled the Coalition, and even the contemptible farce enacted at Nice, pale in interest before this vital question of the Two Sicilies. The feasts in Tuscany occupy the press somewhat, but even here *the question* stands in the foreground. The *Unita Italiana* of Florence, a Mazzinian paper, brother to the *Unita Italiana* of Genoa, gives the following incident, illustrative of the sympathy felt by the people for the Sicilian strugglers. Dr. Simone Capodicci, a Sicilian exile, who had composed some touching verses on the King's arrival, placed in the hands of his majesty, as he was stepping into his carriage, some papers, saying, as he handed them, "To Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, the exiles of the Two Sicilies." As the King handed the papers to one of his suite, Simone added, "King Victor, *here* thy name is echoed at a festival and *there* they are dying." A unanimous burst of sympathy from the bystanders, who seized the exile in their arms and bore him in triumph on their shoulders, prevented his last words from being heard. *Viva la Sicilia! Viva King Victor, King of Italy!* echoed from every lip.

I am told that there is a fresh telegraph from Sicily. If I am in time to insert its contents in this, I shall do so; if not, *à demaine*.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, May 21, 1860.

THE great agony is over—and Mr. Seward is *not* the nominee of the Chicago Convention. He left here a week ago for Auburn, absolutely certain that he would be nominated; certain because his shrewdest friends assured him that it was so. The news of his defeat must have been unexpected and a great disappointment, as it was to all his friends in Washington. Even the venerable *National Intelligencer* administered a gentle rebuke to the Republican party. It said, the next morning after the nominations were made:

"Though fully identified with the principles of that party, and justly entitled by his private worth and proved ability to wear with dignity any honor it may be able to confer, Mr. Lincoln, so far as we are aware, has not until recently occupied a prominent place in the list of distinguished citizens from which it was supposed the Republicans would make a selection in nominating a candidate for the Presidency. It is no derogation from the claims of any among that number to say that the honor in question was awarded by common expectation to the distinguished Senator from the State of New York, who, more than any other, was held to be the representative man of his party, and who, by his commanding talents and eminent public services, has so largely contributed to the development of its principles as well as to their defence before the American people. By what considerations the Chicago Convention was influenced in postponing the claims of Mr. Seward, we are of course unable to say. But his friends and admirers will find consolation for their disappointment in the fact that he can well afford to dispense with the insignia of political promotion, and that in our country the highest civic honors are not always awarded to the most eminent competitor."

The Evening Star, a spicy little sheet in the interest of the slaveholders, but generally very fair to the Republicans, on Friday said:

"Up to noon to-day nothing is known positively as to the nominations, probably made by this time, of the Chicago Convention. The opponents of Mr. Seward, the great representative man of the political principles of their organization, have managed to secure for their nominal representatives from Maryland, Virginia and Kentucky—utterly without the pretence of constituencies—weight in determining who shall be the candidates *pro rata* with Massachusetts, Vermont, Wisconsin, &c.; and the votes of those bogus representatives are expected to be cast against Mr. S. This, of course, causes great indignation among his friends here. Nevertheless, they seem confident of his nomination, because nothing whatever of substantial additional strength is to be gained by throwing him overboard, to nominate some other aspirant in his stead.

"The fact that Virginia, Maryland and Kentucky are to be counted against Seward in the Chicago Convention is hardly more preposterous than that the intensely Republican party States' votes in the Charleston Convention were counted for Mr. Douglas. The management of party affairs upon such principles will soon work the entire abolishment of the party conventions, as no longer representing effective party sentiment on either side."

Are not these comments from pro-slavery persons, on slave soil, singular? The feeling among the Seward men here was one of bitter disappointment. It is said that this feeling is so strong among the more radical Republicans of the State of New York that the State will be in great danger, next fall, of giving a Democratic electoral vote.

Well, and what can be said for Mr. Lincoln? If you will look over his speeches, you will see that he has said as bold things against slavery as Mr. Seward ever did. He boldly declared that the States of the Union would become all free or all slave. This he said in the teeth of Mr. Douglas and his go-where-it-will-pay-theory. But he was futile enough to endorse the slave-catching law, or volunteer his services as President to execute it, and this will tell against him in the canvass.

From present appearances it is not at all unlikely that Mr. Douglas will be the Democratic nominee; and if so, he will contest Illinois, Indiana, Pennsylvania and New Jersey very hotly with Mr. Lincoln. The great debate in the Senate, between Senators Douglas and Davis, was a triumph for the former. The Southern Senators felt that they were "punished" with much severity by the Illinois rebel, but perhaps for that very reason will be the more bitterly opposed to his nomination. It cannot be denied, however, that Mr. Douglas is making some headway at the South, and if, instead of the seceding delegations, new ones are returned to Baltimore, Mr. D. will get the nomination easily enough. If he is thrown overboard by the Convention, he will run as an independent candidate in the free States.

But little business has been transacted the past week in the Senate, but the House has been very busy. An adjournment is talked of by the middle of June, before the Baltimore Convention meets. The Senate cannot well do this, but the House will endeavor to accomplish it. If Congress sits over the Baltimore Convention, then there will be a good deal of Presidential speech-making during and after the Convention.

The North-Western Republican members are much pleased at the nominations made at Chicago. I take it as a good sign that many of the most radical members from the West are enthusiastic over the ticket. They claim Lincoln as a live man and Republican, say that he hasn't a drop of fogy blood in his veins, and is a thorough hater of slavery.

The valiant Mr. Toombs makes a speech to-day in the Senate on the Davis resolutions, and there is much curiosity to learn the position he occupies upon the party-quarrel, as he has been claimed pro-Douglas and anti-Douglas.

The Capitol has been crazy for a week over the Japanese. Is it not a little singular that these "people of color" are considered good enough for the smiles of Miss Lane and the President, while they would each suffer martyrdom sooner than recognize on terms of equality native Americans of the same hue? Let an African King and an African State have power to make war successfully with the great nations of Europe and America, and colorphobia would be cured. Our negro-haters would become negro-sycophants in the twinkling of an eye.

AVON.

WILLIAM S. BAILEY.

To the Editors of The New York Tribune.

SIRS: For years past I have given to Wm. S. Bailey, editor of *The Free South* newspaper, letters asking the friends of liberal opinions in the United States and elsewhere to aid him by pecuniary donations. For reasons satisfactory to myself, I feel it my duty to recall all such letters and recommendations.

C. M. CLAY.

White Hall, April 30, 1860.

P. S. *Boston Atlas, New York Evening Post*, ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, *Boston Liberator*, and other liberal journals will favor public justice by publishing the above.

* If Mr. Clay had been frank enough to give his "reasons" for striking Mr. Bailey this heavy blow, the public would have been better able to judge how far they are worthy of regard. We presume, however, that Mr. Bailey's paper was too radical and too free to suit Mr. Clay's compromising policy.

THE PRISONER FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE.—Dr. Cheever delivered a powerful discourse last Sunday evening in reprobation of the tyranny of the U. S. Senate in consigning Thaddeus Hyatt to a loathsome jail for his conscientious refusal to bow to its inquisitorial assumptions. The Doctor showed himself, if possible, more than ever a master of the dialectics of freedom in his handling of this subject.

The following paragraph from the Northampton (Mass.) *Gazette* should excite the deepest indignation of the people.

"The condition of Thaddeus Hyatt is exciting the commiseration of all classes. He is now suffering from slow fever, brought on by the rigor of his confinement and the exclusion of pure air from his apartment. Mr. Hyatt is contending for principle. It would have been easy enough for him to have saved all this by appearing before the Committee, and telling them, as he tells everybody else, that he knows nothing about the John Brown affair. But denying the right of the Committee to summon him, he refuses to appear before them, and the Senate order him into confinement for contempt. The power of the Senate thus to incarcerate refractory witnesses is questionable, and Mr. Hyatt may yet sacrifice his life in vindicating the principle of individual right."

BOSTON ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE.—The office of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society has been removed from its old quarters in Cornhill to a new and commodious room at No. 221 Washington street, directly opposite the head of Franklin street. The printing-office of *The Liberator* is also removed to a room in the same building.

All communications for the Boston Anti-Slavery office, or for *The Liberator*, should therefore be addressed hereafter to No. 221 *Washington Street*, Boston.

Summary.

Mr. W. W. Story, the sculptor, is making a bust of Theodore Parker.

Richard Realf, of John Brown memory, has joined a community of Shakers in Ohio. This is his latest dodge. Next thing he will be running off with one of the girls.

Frederick Douglass's Paper, the organ of the Gerrit Smith Abolition party, announces that its publication after the first of June will be monthly, instead of weekly, until the return of Mr. Douglas. For some time the proprietor has been losing considerably on its publication.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S LABORS.—In a farewell letter to the New York *Mercury*, Bayard Taylor thus sums up his labors for the past sixteen months: "250 lectures, 30,000 miles travel, 48 *Mercury* articles, two books published and one house built."

The U. S. House of Representatives has passed a bill, notwithstanding the most bitter opposition, by which Cassius M. Clay is to be compensated for his losses when he was made a prisoner in Mexico. The amount of judgment against him for breaking into a house in Kentucky to capture deserters by order of his superior officer is also to be refunded.

INCENDIARY PUBLICATIONS.—It is stated that the Grand Jury of Queen Anne's County, Md., have presented the New York *Tribune* and the *Sunday School Advocate* as incendiary documents, under the act of Assembly of 1831. Postmasters will be required to withhold these papers from subscribers in the future.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

Among the ancient records of the North Hadley (Mass.) Congregational Church is the following clause: "Provided, further, that if the owner of said pew shall let the pew, or any part thereof, to any negro, or mulatto, or in any way admit any negro, or mulatto, to the possession or occupancy of the same, then the said pew, or such share thereof so let, or occupied, shall, in every such case, thereby immediately revert to, and become property of, the said society."

JOHN BROWN'S BIRTHDAY IN CANADA.—The anniversary of the birthday of John Brown, says the Hamilton (C. W.) *Spectator* of May 10th, was celebrated in this city yesterday by a number of our colored citizens. They assembled in the morning, and, preceded by a band, marched in procession through the principal streets. It had been intended to have an open air sermon and speeches, but the inclemency of the weather rendered this impossible. The attendance, though not large, was respectable.

JOSEPH A. DUGDALE.—This friend, whose mission to the children of the West has been highly approved by all denominations of professed Christians, has now returned to his own home. Churches have been opened to him, and Sabbath Schools also; at Columbus he addressed the pupils at the Institute for the Blind, and a large audience at the Capitol. Last Sunday he was at this place, and deeply interested the children who assembled in great numbers to hear him.—*Anti-Slavery Bugle.*

The Lecture to Children, by Joseph A. Dugdale, on Sunday afternoon last, was a very good affair. The spacious lecture room of the Mr E. Church was crowded to the utmost—nearly all the children in town, apparently, were present, and all seemed most deeply interested in the discourse, from beginning to end. Mr. D. has certainly a happy faculty for entertaining children, and surely all the good things he told them will not be forgotten.—*Salem (O.) Republican.*

THE KEY OF THE BANK.—The unsuccessful attempt of the speakers at the Baltimore Convention to avoid allusion to the great issues now before the country recalls the anecdote of the Irish crier, who went through the streets ringing his bell and shouting: "Lost! between half-past four o'clock and Mr. Maginnis's store, a large brass iron door key. I will not be after telling what kay it was, for it was the kay of the Fanix Bank, sure." It will be as difficult to keep these questions out of sight during the summer as it was for the Irishman to keep his weighty secret.—*Boston Advertiser, May 14.*

BOOTH GETS OUT CHEAP.—The Madison (Wisconsin) *Argus* says: By looking over the papers in the Booth case, removed to this county for trial, it was found out that he was bound over in the sum of fifteen dollars only. The amount of his bail was probably, in fact, $1,500, but in making out the bail bond the word "hundred" was omitted. He is therefore at present under only $15 bonds, and, if he can get out of the custom-house, might leave the State cheaper a great deal than he can come to Madison to be tried.

The Evening Post Washington correspondent has the following:

"A good story is told of Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania in connection with the tenth ballot for Douglas at Charleston. The news came over the wires that Mr. Douglas had received one hundred and fifty *and one-half* votes. 'One hundred and fifty—and *one-half*,' repeated Mr. Stevens, very slowly and mock-seriously, '*the one-half means Bigler!*'"

MR. SUMNER'S HEALTH.—Washington correspondents write that Hon. Charles Sumner has prepared a speech on public topics which he will soon deliver in the Senate. In regard to his health, Mr. Sumner himself says, in a recent letter to a friend: "I have all the joy of a convalescent, when I say that my health seems reasonably firm again; but you will understand that I have felt constrained this winter to lead a more tranquil life than I should have done, had I not been painfully admonished that I must not too hastily burthen my new-found strength."

The special correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, describing the state of affairs at Charleston after the rupture, says:

"A better idea of the state of things here can be obtained, however, from conversation, when gentlemen are not restrained by conventionalism. One ex-member of Congress, defeated by Buchanan's influence, said, 'I feel, praise the Lord, that I have got through eating dirt. I have eaten my "pecks," and want any more.'

"Another ex-member said, 'I was in at the beginning, and I am in at the death. I saw the Nebraska bill pass in Congress, and now I taste its bitter fruits.'"

PURCHASE OF NALLE, THE FUGITIVE SLAVE.—A subscription was started yesterday afternoon for the purchase of Nalle, the fugitive slave, who was rescued from the hands of the officers on Friday last. It is proposed to raise $1,000 for this purpose, and over $500 was subscribed in a short time last evening. There are two reasons why this sum should be promptly raised. In the first place, the fugitive having been illegally taken from the hands of the officers when the law required his rendition to his master, there is a manifest propriety in paying the owner for the property illegally taken from him. If being nominated in the bond, a spirit of justice dictates the payment of the amount due. In the second place, as a matter of humanity, the benevolent and charitable will be "thrice blessed" by rescuing the fugitive from the unhappy condition which will inevitably follow his prolonged residence, with a price upon his head, in Canada. The benevolent should give their sympathy a practical direction. It is understood that Nalle is now in St. Catharines, C. W.—*Troy Arena, May 1.*

ANOTHER SLAVE-CASE DECISION.—On the 22d of January, 1859, Charles Fisher, held to service or labor in the State of Kentucky, was arrested in Kansas Territory, by the legal guardian of the persons and property of two infant children named Hutchison, from whom he had escaped. A rescue was thereupon attempted, and the Leavenworth *Herald* publishes the decision of Judge Pettit, of the 1st District Court of the United States for Kansas Territory, in the case of the United States vs. Lewis L. Wehl, on an indictment for assisting in the escape thus attempted. The Judge takes the position that there was no legal ground for prosecution, inasmuch as the Fugitive Slave law does not authorize pursuit and reclamation by a *guardian*. Provision for reclaiming fugitive slaves, the property of minors, he maintains, has been entirely omitted from the law.

U. G. R. R.—On Tuesday of this week, two likely boys, claimed as chattels personal in Kentucky by one Frederick Reason, passed through this city en route for Canada by the underground railroad. They left their home in Carter County, Ky., about six weeks ago; when they left Kentucky, they started for Cleveland, Ohio, being directed to that place by slaves who had them-selves made the attempt to run away. In Cleveland they met with a person who knew the parents of one of them, who ran away some five years ago, and informed him that they lived somewhere on the St. Lawrence river. The boys resolved to hunt them up, and came to this place on their way to Oswego, to cross the lake at that point. They were kindly cared for and sent on their way to Canada.—*Frederick Douglass's Paper.*

NEGRO LABOR.—A ploughman on the Orosk mountains is imprudent enough to answer a Methodist minister of New York.

The Reverend Mr. Kettell asks, "Who ever heard of a free negro hiring himself to work on a plantation?" I have known a score at least, and I think a hundred in my life, and during the last five years have hired several myself, and may add, during the same time I have employed twice as many white men, and will say, for Mr. Kettell's further instruction, I have found the black often the best hands. This experience of mine was confined to the States of Tennessee, Georgia and Missouri.

The reverend gentleman might be further informed that the opinion so prevalent in the North of the negro's laziness is nearly unknown in the South.

O. P.

Franklin County, Missouri.—[*Evening Post.*

INCENDIARY DOCUMENTS IN MARYLAND.—*The Kent County Conservator* says that his Honor, Judge Carmichael, has decided that it is not necessary for postmasters to inspect each issue of a newspaper to see if incendiary sentiments are contained therein; that if the general reputation of the paper is of that character, a postmaster is justified in withholding such paper; and that any postmaster delivering such paper, knowing its character or tendency, renders himself liable to all the penalties enacted for circulating incendiary documents. He also directed the Grand Jury to notify each postmaster in the county of this decision. The several postmasters, we learn, in pursuance of this decision, were directed to refuse all applications for *The New York Tribune*, they, the jury, deeming that paper an incendiary sheet. Postmasters delivering said paper will be prosecuted in every case. What a free and enlightened country ours is South of Mason and Dixon's line!

A KIDNAPPER AND A RUNAWAY ARRESTED.—The Cincinnati *Gazette* of May 10th says that for some days Officer Tiller has had his attention attracted to a man who passes by the name of A. H. Scott, and says that he is from Covington, Ky., and a painter by trade. He has been stopping at the Howard House on Market street for the last four weeks. Last Saturday night a mulatto man, twenty-five or thirty years of age, came to town, and Scott passed him off as his slave. Officers Tiller and Rust questioned the negro man, and found that he made conflicting statements. Last evening they arrested both Scott and the negro. In the possession of the former they found several daguerreotypes of negro men and women, which has led to the supposition that he is an agent of the Underground Railroad. The negro man says that he belongs to L. N. Whittle, a lawyer, of Macon, Ga., and that he ran off over a year ago. He gives his name as John Henry. Scott, it is believed, hails from Cleveland.

ANOTHER FUGITIVE SLAVE ARRESTED.—The New Albany (Ind.) *Ledger* of April 30th has the following:

Yesterday evening two men came to this city to watch for a negro by the name of Tom Bishop, owned by Isaac T. Miller, who resides about five miles below Louisville on the plank road. The negro left his master about three weeks ago, and it was supposed he hired on the Peytona as deck-hand or fireman. Marshal Akers was hunted up by the men, and to him they explained their business. He at once went to the wharf to await the arrival of the Peytona, and just as they got there the Baltic, bound for New Orleans, landed, and at the suggestion of Marshal Akers search was instituted, and the runaway was soon found and arrested. After arrest he acknowledged being a slave, and indulged in threats, saying he would again run away when an opportunity offered. When he hired on the Baltic he told the mate that he was a free man and lived in this city, and on that statement he was hired and had made one trip. He was very much exasperated at the idea of being taken back to his old Kentucky home. He is a stout young negro, and from his actions we should judge him to be unruly and dangerous. No reward was offered for his arrest, and he was allowed to leave our soil without any disturbance being made.

SECTIONALISM OF THE SUPREME COURT.—A new distribution of the circuits of the Supreme Court of the United States is demanded, for two sufficient reasons; first to equalize the labor of the Judges on the different circuits, and secondly to reclaim the Court from its present sectional control. The disparity in the circuits is now very great. The first circuit, Justice Clifford's, covers Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New Hampshire, with a population of two and a half millions; the second, Justice Nelson's, Vermont, Connecticut and New York, four and a half millions; the third, Justice Grier's, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, over three and a half millions; the seventh, Judge McLean's, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and Ohio, over six millions; while the five circuits in the slave States, with five justices, cover but seven and a half millions in all. With less than half the free white population of the free States, the slave States have five of the nine Judges. Texas and Florida in the South, and California, Oregon, Minnesota and Wisconsin in the North, are not yet included in any circuit. Reckoning them in, the disparity becomes still greater. A reconstruction of the circuits is so evidently demanded by every consideration that touches the subject that there should be no opposition to it. If it had been sooner attended to, the country would have been saved the disgrace of the Dred Scott manifesto, and the influence of the Court would never have been given to the support and nationalization of the slave system.—*Springfield Republican.*

UNCLE JOSEPH IN INDIANA.—The Richmond (Ind.) *Palladium* has the following: J. A. Dugdale, familiarly called "Uncle Joseph, the children's friend," is now in our city. His meetings for children in many places in Eastern Pennsylvania (where he resides) and in Ohio have been attended by crowds of both parents and children, who have been deeply interested in his instructions to little ones. We learn that he will attend a meeting of the Sabbath School children of the city at Union Chapel on Friday evening, the 20th instant, and speak to them on the beauties of Christianity. His labors for and with children, as well as adults, in other places, entitle him to a cordial welcome from the religious portion of our citizens.

We hear that "Uncle Joseph" has been kindly welcomed on his tour. He has been invited by Orthodox Friends, Methodists, Presbyterians, Unitarians and others, to occupy their houses. At Cincinnati he delivered two discourses in the First Congregational Church, where he met a large body of Sunday School children of all denominations.

AFRICA AND THE COLORED PEOPLE.—The Dutch brig Zeemymph, from the Cape of Good Hope, has just returned to this port with Mr. Jonathan J. Meyers, a colored citizen of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who, having by industry amassed considerable property, projected, a year ago, an expedition to Africa, in which he assigned himself an excursion through the eastern part of the continent, up to the channel of Mozambique. The object of this expedition was to ascertain and report to the colored people of this country the natural resources of that region of Africa, and the prospects there to be found for people of his class. Mr. Meyers sailed a year ago, in company with Messrs. Martin R. Delany and Robert Campbell, from Quebec via London. His comrades went to the Niger Valley, and the Yoruba Country, and have not yet returned, but are expected to arrive soon.

Yesterday morning a large number of colored ladies and gentlemen, among whom were the Rev. H. H. Garnett and the Rev

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ANNIVERSARY SPEECHES.

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dle hope for the future. As we look over it, we exclaim, with wonder as well as gratitude, "What hath God wrought!" and if we ever doubted before, we cannot doubt now. "Blessed are they who, not having seen, have believed"; but they who cannot exercise such faith as that can believe now in the success of their enterprise, for they almost see it. They hardly need much faith to believe, with the Church bowing down before it, the Democratic party breaking to pieces at its touch, that even "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it" (loud applause).

Speech of William Lloyd Garrison.

Wednesday Morning, May 9th.

I always feel gratified with any manly and honest criticism made upon our Society, whether in regard to its principles or its measures. If we are not practical, we desire to be so. If there be a better way for us to pursue, we will thank any one to show us where it lies. Our hearty desire is the immediate, unconditional, eternal abolition of slavery (applause), and we would leave no stone unturned, no weapon unused, that is lawful, to bring about the desirable event. I think the American Anti-Slavery Society is characterized as much by its practical good sense as by its high moral principle, and, indeed, that its good sense and practical character are seen in its high moral principle.

How shall we abolish slavery in this country? "By striking hands with slaveholders? by entering into a compromise with those who "trade in slaves and the souls of men," and by giving them the right hand of Christian fellowship, or the left hand of political affiliation? or shall we come out and be separated? It is by a stern logical and moral necessity that we have been driven to demand the dissolution of the Union. It has not been a step rashly taken by us. We are American born, and we grew up, with the blood given to us, with an almost idolatrous veneration for the Union. We have had our days of shouting, "The Union forever!" and of gloriing in the star-spangled banner and the American Constitution. These were days of ignorance. Now we abhor the Constitution, and, in the language of this book, pronounce it "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell" (applause and hisses). As for the star-spangled banner, it is clotted with human blood. It waves over four millions of the children of God, reduced to the condition of things. We have torn down that flag, and will not allow it to float any more over our heads. And as for the Union, we say that as it was based upon certain compromises, everywhere understood, everywhere conceded, whereby slavery was rendered secure, and the slaveholders had extraordinary power put into their hands, *because they were slaveholders*, it is sinful to uphold it; and we, therefore, exclaim, "No Union with slaveholders!"

As for the Republican party, does it deny one of these slaveholding guarantees, which the nation has recognized from the beginning? No! Does not the Republican party believe that, by the Constitution, the slaveholder has a right to make slave-hunting ground of the entire North? Yes! Does it not concede that, in proportion to the number of slaves in the Southern States, the slaveholders may have added political power? Yes! Does it not believe that, in case a slave insurrection takes place, and the slaveholders are not able to put it down, they have a right to call upon the President of the United States, and he is bound to summon the military and naval power of the country to suppress that insurrection? Yes! And is not the Republican party ready to take oath that it will carry out all these conditions as faithfully as any party that has ever yet appeared in the country? Yes! Then, how can I, claiming to be a friend and representative of the slave, on the day of election, march up to the ballot-box, and give my vote for such a party, and say that I have done a deed for freedom? I see no hope for the peaceful emancipation of the slave in our country, while the North is willing to carry out these slaveholding guarantees and compromises—none whatever. I see nothing before us but fire and blood while the North is resolved to remain in connection with the South.

What is the use of making it a matter of mere words? Nothing can be found in the Constitution pertaining to slavery, we are told. The word slave or slavery never has been in that instrument; therefore no such alleged compromises were ever made. This is verbal criticism. But it is against historical evidence in regard to the actual design of the instrument. I think the man would insult my understanding who should come upon this platform and undertake to deny that Congress had ever passed a Fugitive Slave bill. But why may he not? When did Congress ever pass such a bill? Examine it, and you will find that there is not a word in it about giving up a fugitive slave, or about slave-hunting. What is it? It is simply and entirely the language of the Constitution of the United States. And yet, the enactment of that Fugitive Slave bill has created such an indignation, such a horror of mind, that the world itself has shuddered in view of it. Ah! we must go to the meaning of things. True, neither the words fugitive slave nor slave-hunter are in the bill; true, its language, on the face of it, is unexceptionable; but the meaning, the intent, the design of it, makes its diabolism, and gives it its power. And so it is everywhere correctly interpreted and exactly carried out, according to its intent. Suppose I agree with another that, in order to subserve my own purpose, I will help him commit some deed of villany. We draw up our papers; but, of course, we are shrewd enough not to put down what we intend to do in plain English. We agree upon certain deceptive words between us, which we mutually understand, and which, while they do not technically describe the thing, will answer our purpose. I agree to it. I take the benefit of the crime, and, having obtained it, I turn round, and defy him to prove that I ever agreed to commit any crime whatever. Would this be honest? Would it not be a fraud?

I take the nation at its word, and that is, that we have a Constitution whereby slavery is protected by certain guarantees. The nation has never had a doubt upon this subject. This is criticism about words, words, words—purely exceptional. The people everywhere reject it, and all parties, from the beginning of the government until now, have understood and conceded the three-fifths slave representation, giving up the fugitive slave, and putting down slave insurrections by the General Government whenever necessary. It is in their hearts to have all these things done; they meant it from the beginning—they mean it now; and taking them at their word, we summon them to repentance, and tell them that they have entered into a horrible compact, by their own showing, which they are bound to repudiate forever. Is not that to be practical?

But, we are told, to dissolve the Union will be to leave the slaves alone. How do I forsake a man when I say to another man, who has him by the throat, and whom I have agreed to stand by, and see that he throttles his victims successfully, "I can do this no longer, and will not; but I will prevent your doing it, as far as I can"? Give me the omnipotent North; give me the resources of the eighteen free States of our country, on the side of freedom, as a great, independent, free empire, and I will ask nothing more for the abolition of slavery (applause). The hour that witnesses the establishment of such an empire will witness the overthrow of the slave system; for without this North, it is utterly impossible, in the nature of things, for the slave States, degraded and powerless as they are, to hold a single slave in bondage. Our practical work, then, is to cut the connection. Not to separate ourselves from the slaves, but from their masters. Then, our great, magnificent, invincible North will be Canada all the way through, to all fugitive slaves (applause), and it would not take twenty-four hours to empty the whole South, and extinguish the slave system. That would be the inevitable result, and the South knows it. The maddest of the fire-eaters have never yet dreamed of separating from us—never! It is all delusion and folly to think that there is anything in their threats of leaving us, if we refuse to do their dirty work. Not because they do not hate us—they do; not because they would not like to separate, if they could and live, but they cannot; not because they would not like to roll an Atlantic ocean, and the Pacific added thereto, between us, but because it is not in their power; for God has put them into our hand, and by our doing righteousness, and standing by freedom, we can, without shedding a drop of blood, in a single hour emancipate every slave on the Southern soil (applause). But while this blood-stained Union continues, and the people of the North are ready to bow down in idolatry to it, there is no hope, none whatever, of a peaceful abolition of slavery. The time will soon come when God will say, "Because ye have not proclaimed liberty every man to his neighbor, behold, I proclaim liberty for you to the sword, saith the Lord"; and we shall have many John Browns raised up to bring slavery to a bloody termination. But I want no bloodshed, if it be possible to avoid it; and it is possible to end this struggle without the shedding of blood. Let the people of the North wash their own hands of blood-guiltiness, and there will be no more blood shed; no more slavery in the land. Oh, the multitudinous blessings to grow out of the abolition of slavery to the South, with her beautiful climate, and fertile soil, and boundless resources! Under the plastic power of Freedom, she shall become the garden of God, and lead the world in all that is great and glorious. I want to see her domains so crowded with blessings, by doing righteousness, that there shall not be room to contain them; and this shall surely come to pass by hearkening to the command, "Undo the heavy burdens, break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free!" (Applause.)

Speech of William Wells Brown.

Wednesday Afternoon, May 9th.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The colored man in this country may well exclaim, "Suffering is the badge of all our race." Go into the Southern States, and there he need not utter such an exclamation; it is seen on the surface of society; it is seen all through the slave States. The slave at the South, to-day, is enduring a bondage such as no other country has ever yet inflicted upon a people. We look in vain to all lands to find a parallel to the system of chattel slavery in Louisiana, Mississippi and the Carolinas. Slavery in the West Indies never came up to what it is in the Southern States. In Cuba, to-day, there are many circumstances surrounding the slave that make his servitude far preferable to slavery in the States. In Cuba, if a slave, by some meritorious act, or by industry, shall secure the sum of $300, his master is compelled to set him free, on his making the claim and presenting the money. In the South, the slave may have ten times that amount given to him, perhaps for some act of heroism in saving the life of a white person, and yet the law declares that all the slave may possess shall be the property of the master. That is slavery in the South. The slave can own nothing; he is not allowed to protect himself, his wife, his children; he toils for another, and his offspring are put upon the auction-block and sold to the highest bidder. The slave is not permitted to get education; he is not permitted to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. If half a dozen slaves are found together in the States where I was born and brought up, they are punished by the police, or by the person finding them, unless some white person is there to vouch for them.

The new importations into the South, the high prices paid for slaves, all show that the system is going forward as it has never gone forward before. The price of an able-bodied man, when I ran away from the South, was not more than seven or eight hundred dollars; to-day, a slave of the same description will bring double that sum in the New Orleans market. The cotton raised by the slave twenty years ago brought the master only about one-half what it brings to-day. The sugar, the cotton and the rice plantations all yield a better profit than formerly, and the slaveholder makes a business of driving cotton, sugar and rice out of his slaves, and the overseer who can raise the most of either of those articles, out of a given number of hands, claims a greater salary at the hands of the master.

Mr. Chairman, looking at the South and seeing the spirit of slavery, seeing how it has taken hold upon the people, seeing the importance that it has acquired, I am not surprised that the slaveholders are to-day trying to reduce the free colored people to bondage. That shows the demoralizing effects of the system upon the white people in the slave States. Some half dozen or more slave States, during the last two years, have introduced resolutions or bills in their different legislative bodies for reducing the free colored people to slavery, or driving them out of the State. Look at the free colored people driven from Arkansas within the last eight or nine months! Men, women and children driven out—driven away from what little property they had, without regard to age or sex—under penalty of being reduced to bondage! I saw the announcement recently, in a Tennessee paper, that a free colored woman who had left the State and returned, had been taken and sold to the highest bidder, bringing the sum of $1,200. The money, it was said, was given over to the school fund! A free colored woman in Alabama, a short time since, having gone into the State ignorantly in one of the steamers, was arrested, taken to the public square, and flogged thirty-nine lashes, and ordered to leave the State in ten days. That shows the meanness of the slaveholders.

Now, in regard to the free people of color, the slaveholders blow hot and blow cold when talking upon the subject. Some declare that the free colored people of the South are a nuisance and ought to be driven out; another, when it suits him, declares that they are a very orderly class of people, and among the best mechanics and artisans of the State, as Judge Catron said in a letter to the Legislature of his State, a short time since. I say they blow hot and blow cold. They are ready to use the free colored man when they can, they are ready to drive him out of the State when they want to get rid of him.

There is no justice at all for the free colored people in the slave States, and there seems to be but little justice for the colored people in the free States. They have no justice for us. We cannot have justice anywhere at the hands of this slaveholding nation. History has thrown the colored man out. You look in vain to Bancroft and the other historians for justice to the colored people. Although it is admitted that they fought in the war of the Revolution and in the last war, the historian passes it by. Go to the few monuments that have been erected to those who fell for liberty, and you will see that the colored man has been excluded, or, if he be found there at all, he is found, as in the monument at Fort Griswold, cut off from his white fellow-patriots by a broad line. On that monument, the names of the white men who fell in the Revolution are given first, and then a long line is drawn and the colored men put down—only the first name—Cæsar, Jumbo, Pompey, Dick, Tom. The colored man is colonized off from the white man, or mentioned in a sort of appendix (laughter). Mr. Chairman, you, and all who have walked through the streets of London, and especially through Trafalgar Square, and have looked upon that noble monument there, in commemoration of the great deeds of Nelson, and his death in battle, have seen, as I saw there, a black man—as black a man as was ever imported from the coast of Africa—among the white soldiers, his musket in his hand, and his countenance showing that he was in the battle. He is there as large as life, as large as the white man; no mark is drawn between him and the white man. It seems that every country is willing to give the colored man justice, or something like justice, except the people of the United States.

I say that this is characteristic of this nation. It seems that we can have no justice whatever—nothing at all like justice. Citizenship is denied us. The Supreme Court of the United States declares that we are not citizens, and have no rights that white men are bound to respect. A colored man writes to Gen. Cass, your Secretary of State, and asks for a passport. He, like the whole American nation, is ready to utter a falsehood, and says that the colored man has never been recognized as a citizen, is not a citizen, and never has received a passport as a citizen from the government. Now, this is as gross a falsehood as could be uttered. It is well known that colored men have received passports. I have one in my pocket that I received at the hands of the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, in London, in exchange for a passport that I had carried from this country, certifying that I was a citizen of the United States. [Mr. Brown read the passport, which is in the usual form.] My friend Robert Purvis, who spoke so eloquently from this platform yesterday, also received a passport as a citizen of the United States; and another colored friend of mine, as black as black can be, received a passport, direct from Washington, certifying that he was a citizen of the United States.

I say we are going backward. This nation is determined not only to keep the colored man in slavery, but to reduce the free colored people to slavery, and blot out, so far as they can, everything that tends to show that the colored man is a man, and at all worthy of respect as a citizen of this country. But, Mr. Chairman, I rejoice at one thing—that while they are imposing upon black men in the slave States, they are also imposing upon white men. The Reign of Terror that has existed at the South since the John Brown invasion has brought the white man down to a level with the black man. As I have read in the newspapers of white men being chased out of the Carolinas, Virginia, Kentucky, and other States, I have rejoiced at it, because it shows that slavery is no respecter of persons; it cares no more for the rights of the white man than for those of the black man.

Mr. Brown then told the story of a miscreant who, by making love to a young girl of sixteen, free and white, induced her to elope with him, under promise of marriage, when he took her to Alabama, and sold her for $900. Then he came back, and, by representing to the brother of the girl that she was doing well in her new home, and desired to see him, induced him, too, to go with him to the South, where he also was sold for $700. At length the girl found means to inform her mother of her condition, who immediately went after her. She was brought before a court of justice upon a warrant, and the man who had purchased her, a clergyman, appeared and stated that he bought her in good faith, and that she had been very well treated, for she had been allowed to attend prayers with the white portion of the family every morning. The result was that the girl, who appeared in court with a young babe in her arms, was delivered up to her mother.

Now, continued Mr. Brown, I say that there is no justice for the colored man in this country. Every particle of pity is for the white man. Talk with a man about the slave or the abolition of slavery, and he begins to pity the white man; he has no pity for the black man. If he prays, he does it as Dr. Blagden did in Boston, at a Union meeting. He prayed, "Oh Lord, bless our country, our whole country, and especially the Southern half of our country" (laughter). It reminded me of an anecdote that I heard when I was in the South. Two men owned an old and blind black man, whom they kept in a shop turning out table-legs, bedstead-legs, &c. One of the men was pious, the other a great sinner. Well, the cholera came along, and the pious man wanted to sell out his half of the slave to the other, but he would not buy, and he asked more for his half than the pious man would give; so he determined he would put up a prayer to Heaven, and he prayed, "Oh Lord, protect my family and house from the cholera; protect my neighbors, all my relations, and especially my half of Sam!" (Much merriment.)

Now, Mr. Chairman, just as the condition of the colored man in this country begins to improve, and his prospects to look more encouraging, the white people are trying to get rid of him. Mr. Wade, a Republican, says he is tired of hearing so much said about the equality of the negro. Another Republican says he wants the colored people sent off to South America, New Mexico, or somewhere else. Another gets up and says that he is willing to give his vote for money to send the negroes out of the country to Africa. Now, my friends, let me say, on behalf of the colored people, that we are not going to Africa—we are not going to leave this country at all (applause). The slaveholders have mixed the Anglo-Saxon blood with ours, so that even in the pro-slavery cities of New York and Philadelphia colored men and women ride in the cars and omnibuses, and are so light that they are mistaken for white people, while the white man is so dark that he is sometimes taken for a negro (laughter). In 1844, Henry Clay, in one of his letters, said that slavery was to be abolished by the inevitable law of population. Some one asked him what he meant, and he said, "amalgamation, as carried on in the slave States." It is fearful to think of or look at; but it is doing a work at the South at the present time, and we throw upon the slavocracy of the South the responsibility of the whole system of illegitimate amalgamation that exists in this country.

I say the black people are not going to leave the United States. We are connected with the South by the tenderest ties of nature. The free colored people of the North are connected with the slaves of the South. Many of the free colored people of the North, especially the fugitive slaves, are connected with the slaveholders of the South. They look into the Southern States, and they see there their white relatives as slaveholders. I met a good friend of mine yesterday, who came from the South about the time I did, and one of the first questions he asked me was, how my white relatives in Lexington prospered since I came away (laughter); and I asked after his white relatives. He wanted to know how my cousin William was, who is our Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Spain. The Hon. William Preston married my cousin Fanny (laughter). If you had been there, and heard us talking about our relatives, you would have thought that I was just from the United States Senate, for he knew very well that my relatives were among the first in the State of Kentucky. My cousin Bob Wickliffe—the Wickliffe family is a very aristocratic family in Kentucky—died a few months since, worth, it is said, five millions. My cousin Charles A. Wickliffe was Postmaster-General under John Tyler (laughter). Probably many of you don't know anything about John Tyler, he filled such a small niche in our country's history, but certainly you must have heard of my cousin Charles (great merriment).

Now, Mr. Chairman, and ladies and gentlemen, I do not look upon these white relatives of mine with as much pleasure as you would think, perhaps; but still, they are my relatives (laughter). Sometimes, you know, we find ourselves related to some people that we don't care much about (renewed laughter). But I say, here we are. We are connected with the slaves and the slaveholders by the tenderest ties of nature; and if this country wants me to run away and leave my white relatives, I can't do it (great merriment). If they want to drive me away from my black relatives, I shall stay here and labor for their emancipation (loud applause).

I speak thus, friends, because there is a great deal said now about colored emigration—about trying to coax the colored people out of the country, getting them to go off to some wilderness or some place they know nothing about. I have no objection to the black men entering into commercial enterprises, and going to California, Australia, or Africa, or anywhere else—I have no objection to their leaving the country and going where they think they can better their condition; but I am entirely opposed to the colored people becoming the victims of the Colonization Society, or any other scheme of expatriation. So far as I can, I shall say to our colored people, "Stay here! Educate yourselves! Attain to as high a point of culture as you possibly can, and remain here until you get your rights, so that you may labor the more effectually for the abolition of slavery in the Southern States!" (Applause.)

Mr. Chairman, I have sat here during these two days, and listened with interest to the speeches which have been made in the cause of freedom. I rejoiced yesterday in my heart that Dr. Cheever came here and made his speech, though I did not agree with him in every particular. Still, I am willing to welcome any one upon the platform of freedom who will come forward and speak for the slave, though he may not speak in my dialect. Let him come and speak rightly and speak truly; if he will only be honest and true, I, for one, will bid him God-speed in the cause of freedom. But I was speaking of the colored people of this country. They are determined to labor on, to work on. They have faith in the great cause of freedom, faith in the Anti-Slavery movement, that it will eventually abolish slavery in this land. Progress is written all over the land. Although the slavocracy are trying to wipe out every landmark we have in this country, still everything indicates that the cause of freedom is advancing, on the one hand, while slavery is making progress on the other. Every one must have noted how the Southern States have tried and are trying to wipe out everything that points to freedom. The Declaration of Independence, if it is read at all on the 4th of July in the Southern States, is not commented upon as it was twenty or thirty years ago. The Fourth of July orator dare not speak in the Southern States unless he qualifies the expression. In the pulpit, if a minister speak of freedom, it must be with a qualification. Everything is done in order to wipe out the old landmarks. It was my pleasure and privilege to visit Paris in 1849, where I saw the motto of the Republic upon the public buildings and at the corners of the streets—"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"; and up and down the Boulevards, and on the Champ Elysses, were planted the Liberty-trees. This went on very well for a time, but by-and-by comes Louis Napoleon. He has in his mind's eye an empire, with himself as emperor, and he commences blotting out these landmarks of the Republicans. The Liberty-trees are cut down by the soldiery, and painters are ordered to blot out the words, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," upon the public buildings. It was only preparing the nation to receive its master. Now, Slavery is determined to triumph and rule in this country. The Supreme Court has been converted into an instrument of falsehood; the United States Senate has been converted into an instrument of torture, and an American citizen is carried there, and, if he is unwilling to answer questions that he conscientiously believes he is not bound to answer, he is thrown into prison; and Slavery, with a lie upon its lips, sends its officers to Massachusetts, and seeks to kidnap a free citizen of that State, and drag him to Washington. That shows the iniquity of the whole system of slavery in the Southern States, and the iniquity of this government, as it is administered by the slavocracy of the land. I say to my colored friends, if a white man is kidnapped from the free States, if a white man is unjustly imprisoned in Washington, if a white woman is sold as a slave in the Southern States, what justice can the colored people expect at the hands of this nation? They can expect none at all.

But I say the cause of freedom is going forward. We have the truth on our side, and that shall make us free. The tree of Liberty has been planted; it is growing, its branches are spreading all over the land, and the spirit of freedom is entering the hearts and consciences of the people; and with the poet we may well say,

> "Our plant is of the cedar,
> That knoweth not decay;
> Its growth shall bless the mountains,
> Till mountains pass away;
> Its top shall greet the sun-shine,
> Its leaves shall drink the rain,
> While on its lower branches
> The slave shall hang his chain."

(Prolonged cheering.)

Speech of Rev. Samuel Longfellow.

Wednesday Afternoon, May 9th.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FRIENDS: It would seem as if, when the black man speaks, the white man might keep silence; that when the slave speaks, he who has never known what slavery is, save by report, might afford to be dumb. And yet, I cannot afford to be silent, nor can any of us afford to be silent. I had hoped that I should meet here, and that you might have the pleasure of hearing, this afternoon, our friend Mr. Conway, of Cincinnati, whose name was announced as one of the speakers, that your hearts might be kindled by his enthusiasm—himself a man born amid slavery, knowing it by heart, and bearing a noble testimony, since he became a man, to that which, in his childhood, he learned to hate; but he writes, in a letter that was not intended indeed for the public eye, that he cannot be here. He says, "The simple truth is, that I am a heretic preacher, and such are not rich; the distance is great, and, in short, I cannot *afford* to be there." The distance from Brooklyn is not great; even a heretic can afford the passage money. I am here because I could not afford to stay away; we can none of us afford to stay away; nor can any one who has the call to speak afford to stay away, for in coming here he will gain more than he can hope to give, if he be the most eloquent man who speaks in this city to-day. No man can have entered into this anti-slavery movement, or passed its borders and caught a breath of its inspiring air, without knowing that he gains far more than he can give, although he may be called upon to give up place, position, wealth, whatever men may have been called upon to sacrifice for this cause; and one after another of those who have been leaders and pioneers in this cause will tell you the same story—that it has done more for their character and manhood, and more for the fibre of their wills and the largeness of their hearts, than they can ever hope to do for it.

The white man must speak as well as the black man, because the black man cannot always speak; he can only point dumbly to his sorrows and his wrongs, and ask a tongue of those to whom God has given the opportunity, the liberty, the gift of speech. The freeman must speak, because he is here with the slave; and if freedom is dear to him, he must comprehend the wrong that is done to the man from whom freedom is taken away. I say, with our friend who has just taken his seat, that here the black man is, and here he ought to stay until we have done justice to him. We have no right to indulge any fastidiousness, we have no right to ask to be freed from any trouble, until we have given him the utmost of his rights.

I think nothing more needs to be presented here than the simple facts of slavery, a few of which our brother has been repeating to us; facts which are familiar to us, but of which we ought never to be weary, because the Slave Power is never weary of inflicting those oppressions and wrongs—the Slave Power, whether slavery at the South or slavery at the North. For one, I can never hear the oft-repeated story, but my heart burns within me, as if it were the first time the tale were told, and I long for that power of speech which is given to some men to speak the burning word that shall kindle every heart that can remain before the facts cold and indifferent. The facts of slavery—the cruel oppression at the South, and the cruel prejudice at the North—are the things which call us here year after year. These things are repeated year after year; and so long as they are, our duty remains to make our protest against them, and endeavor, however feebly, to put our hands and our hearts to work, declaring that we will not rest so long as these facts remain facts, so long as the slave is stripped of every right, hunted, sold, reduced from a man to a chattel, annihilated in everything that is dearest to man.

Yes, the slave is here. You read in the papers the other day, as I did, the story of the slave that came creeping and trembling out of some secret place on board of the steamer that was bearing back to Boston the delegation that went to the Charleston Convention. He had to come out because he must get water and bread. And what followed? Was there pity in one heart there? Perhaps there was, but it was not shown. He who had risked so much for his freedom—given for it what none of us have begun to think of giving—was sent back to the bondage from which he had fled. There was not one of all those men claiming to be the representatives of the principle of human rights and democracy who would speak a word in behalf of the man's liberty. The ship turned back on her course, turned away from the North Star, towards which he thought he was speeding; he was put on board another vessel, which carried him back to be a slave forever. That was a symbol of our government—that vessel which turned away from the North Star—which, drawn by the cruel magnet of the Slave Power, turns back and puts down every slave, by the power of its strong right arm, who is seeking to assert his freedom. We are all in that ship, and the black man is with us, and up to this day we have been taking him back, regardless of his claims to freedom, regardless of the sufferings he has endured to secure it, and delivering him over to eternal slavery, like those Democrats on board the "Spaulding"—to save our party, or to save our Union. It is because these things are so that we white men must stand by the black man when he pleads for his race, or when he cannot or knows not how to plead for himself.

But while these ever-recurring facts of slavery, ever-recurring in darker and more terrible measure, show us what the depth of the evil is, and what its power is to perpetuate itself and to grow, if but let alone, we are not to sit down in despair, because, as I think, the word that is spoken to us is a word of hope also. I think we can see in this evil, as in all evil, that Divine Providence which sets the doom of destruction within every wrong and evil. We can see how, by its excesses of tyranny, the Slave Power is working out its own destruction; and sometimes it seems as if we might almost stand aside, leaving it to go on in its work of corruption, confident that out of that corruption will come the reaction that shall make a new reforming power to overthrow it.

I have spoken of a ship that sailed, but the other day upon American waters. I remember a story of another ship. In the year 1819, a French ship sailed from the coast of Africa with a crew of twenty-two men and a cargo of slaves fastened down under the hatches. She had not been out many days when, passing through the heat of the tropics, there broke out among the slaves a terrible disease of the eyes, which threatened to make them all worthless, and the physician of the ship, moved perhaps by pity, and the captain, moved by the fear of losing the profits of his voyage, directed that some of them should be taken out on the deck, in order that they might breathe the fresh air, if, perchance, their disease might be stayed. They came out one after another, and, looking upon the water and upon the hold they had left, they put their arms around one another and jumped into the sea, under the influence of the superstition that thereby they would be carried back at once to their own land. The captain ordered that some of their number should be shot, to prevent the example being followed, and the remainder were shut down in the hold again, and the disease spread, until not one of the human cargo was free from it. It grew more and more loathesome. But it did not stop there; it spread among the white men on board, and one after another was seized with the disease, and became totally blind. At last there was but one man left on board the ship who could see how to steer. While in this miserable condition, another ship is seen, and the hope of assistance is confidently cherished; but on nearing her, it is found that she, too, is a slave ship, and that the same terrible disease has broken out there. I have sometimes thought that our country was like that slave ship. The slave whom we have stolen, the slave whom we have hid away down in the hold, as we pursued our career of growing enterprise, commerce and wealth, the slave whom we oppressed and crushed under the hatches of our power, has given us a fearful disease. The white race to-day is suffering, every part of its body politic, with the corruption of this awful disease of slavery. We have taken away the black man's rights, and our rights are nearly gone. It must be so. There is a brotherhood between the white man and the black; and if we will not recognize him as our moral brother, we shall have to recognize him as our physical brother, by that unity of ruin which binds up the fate of one people with that of the other. We are blinded, because we were willing that the slave should be blinded, that he might be better worked in the prison-house of his bondage. We are all in one ship; we cannot throw the black man overboard. Thank God, we are not all blind! Thank God, there is a seeing eye in this land, which, with clear perception, has seen from the first through all the utter wrongfulness and sin of slavery—has foreseen the doom that lies against this land, if it persist in enslaving the black man; has foreseen that only by righteousness and justice and obedience to God's law can our land become prosperous. That clear, far-seeing eye of the Anti-Slavery cause is here—thank God for that! And if we will but trust the ship to its guidance, it shall be brought at last to its haven, and that Power which guides all things shall bring healing to the sick. When they to whom it has been given to do shall set to work, with resolute determination, to render the rights of humanity and brotherhood to those to whom they have been so long denied, and when upon no inch of this our land there toils a black slave, then, for the first time, shall the white man be truly free (applause).

Speech of Rev. Beriah Green.

Wednesday Afternoon, May 9th.

I have listened, as I doubt not you all have, with much interest to the speeches which have been made during this Convention. However those prerogatives on which we lay so much stress on such occasions are described, what is the epithet on which we generally agree as appropriate, with which we present them to the thoughts of our fellows, when we would urge them upon their attention? It is a very simple epithet, on almost every man's lips, and supposed generally to be altogether intelligible—it is the epithet *human*. We go for *human* rights; we feel obliged to defend *human* prerogatives. Well, of course, this epithet has a natural relation to some substantive, to some noun, with which we are supposed to be familiar. And what is that? Why, of course it is human nature; our common humanity; the basis of our being; the soul of our personality. Now, the inquiry arises, what was the origin of the rights to which I have ventured to advert?—what was the source whence those prerogatives to which we so frequently refer, and of which we do well to be jealous, were derived? Why, as has already been fitly, emphatically and impressively said, from the nature by which we are thus distinguished; otherwise, they would not need to be described, as all men agree they are to be described, as *human* rights. This is the very soil out of which they grow, and from which they derive their nourishment and support. And what, I pray you, is the grand comprehensive right which we are all entitled by nature to assert, the assertion of which is so essential to our improvement and welfare?—the right which comprehends all other rights, the prerogative in which all other prerogatives are involved? Why, it is simply this: that every man, by himself, is entitled to secure for himself the highest and best development of the nature by which he may be distinguished; to bring those elements which are wrought into it into the fullest and most appropriate requisition. This is the grand right which we are entitled to assert; this is the all-comprehensive prerogative by which we are distinguished. This is all we demand (perhaps it would be more modest for me to employ the singular number)—this is all I demand when I feel the deepest and liveliest interest in those who are enslaved. This is all I demand, all I know how to demand, for their benefit. It is that they shall be permitted to secure, and encouraged and assisted in securing—every man, whoever and wherever he may be, every woman, by whatever circumstances she may be surrounded—the highest and the best development of whatever may characterize his or her existence.

Now, this nature to which I have referred, which is a distinct nature, set apart from all other natures, which has its own characteristic elements, of course has its own appropriate relations, its own fit field of activity. This nature to which I have referred of course has its own organic laws, its own constructive principles, and in these, and through these, the true Father and origin of our existence, call him the Eternal God if you please, has revealed to our consciousness the great constructive ideas which lie at the basis of our being—the laws on which our nature was built up. These are a manifestation and a revelation, wherever and however they may flash upon our consciousness, wherever and however they may reveal themselves to our thoughts and to our reverence, of the invisible God. In these consist the kingdom of Heaven, which our Savior himself assures us is "within us," in the depths of our being, among the sacred recesses of our consciousness.

Now, then, you will permit me, in the few suggestions I am making, to be free, and to speak without embarrassment. Those laws, as a matter of course, are to be regarded characteristically—that is, as laws. They involve a sense of obligation; they waken in our hearts a sense of responsibility; and in speaking of these, we employ an old Saxon term, full of meaning, with which we are all familiar. Wherever and however, and under whatever circumstances, or whatever application those laws may reveal themselves to our thoughts, we are constrained to say that we *ought* to be what they require us to be, and *ought* to do what they require us to do; *ought* to eschew what they require us to eschew; in one word, that we *ought* to adjust ourselves, in every way, at whatever hazard, at whatever expense, most resolutely, most reverently and most gratefully, to their beneficent demands.

Now, in this consists all true orthodoxy, all genuine faith. Our presence in this world is simply and solely to translate these constructive ideas, these original laws, into veritable history. That is our entire business here; a business from which we are to permit our thoughts never for a single moment to be diverted. Faith consists simply in recognizing those laws, under their appropriate character, and in adjusting ourselves to their demands. For those laws reveal themselves to us in sovereign style. Each of them proclaims its own existence in the depths of our being, much as, according to the old Mosaic record, Jehovah revealed himself to his prophets. Tell the people, if they demand a description of the great Being who sent you forth, if they would have you tell the name of the God in whom you confide, that "*I am what I am!*" So, each of these constructive, fundamental laws of our being proclaims itself in the depths of our nature, authoritatively, "I am what I am!" "Great Justice"—"Benignant Order"—"Sacred substantive Truth." All these things look upon us, look into our faces, with the eye of God himself, and proclaim themselves to be awful Justice, Order and Truth.

Now, then, you know very well, I hope, what is the natural relation which subsists between what may be described, on the one hand as spiritual, and that which may be described on the other hand as having been actualized, or as having taken its place on the records of history. Men speak very lightly about abstractions. We are told, in the language of Mr. Choate, that the proclamation of some of those great fundamental ideas is a string of glittering abstractions. It shines, but shines like the moon, coldly. I wish to know, then, what may be the natural relation between the actual on the one hand and the ideal on the other, between the abstract and the concrete. Why, of course, in the concrete you have the abstract embodied; you have it in full exercise; you have it under forms which are adjusted to your present state of existence, to the relations which you are sustaining, and the objects on which you are intent. Hence it comes to pass that all faith—whatever deserves that name—all faith reveals itself to us among the actualities of history as fidelity. Fidelity is the concrete, if I may so speak, of which faith is the abstract. Faith is the soul, and fidelity is its manifestation; and upon this, I need not say here, the sacred writers do most earnestly, and effectively, and solemnly insist.

Now, then, with regard to this great problem of Infidelity. My wife says that when she hears that any of our fellows are infidels, she conceives beforehand a good opinion of them (applause); for it has become so fashionable to describe those men who are true to their own nature, true to the claims of our common humanity, by this term, that some are disposed to take it for granted that any of their fellows who may be so stigmatized are entitled to their good opinion. Infidelity does not consist in subscribing or refusing to subscribe to this or that statement, not in making an idol of some parchment, whether it be covered with Hebrew or Greek characters, not in taking to your hearts any confession of faith, any formula; infidelity consists simply and solely in refusing to abide by our own convictions, in refusing to embody the abstract in the concrete, in refusing to adjust ourselves to the sovereign demands which the sovereign Creator urges upon our inmost consciousness. Fidelity, which is the expression of faith, is an exceedingly comprehensive term. It includes all our various relations with those to whom we may have access, in all the various conditions in which they and we may be placed; and he, therefore, who refuses to cherish and express a fraternal feeling toward those who are his brothers, who refuses to acknowledge the common nature by which we are distinguished, wherever and however it may urge its claim upon him—what do you call him, I beseech you, if you undertake to describe, in one word, the position he occupies, and to describe his character? Is not that foul and hateful indfielity? How else, I pray you, can it be described?

It was stated, by one of our brothers who has spoken, that by neglecting to plead the cause of the enslaved, we had subjected ourselves to many of the wrongs of which the slave was entitled to complain. How could it be otherwise? Our nature is a unity. We are driven to this conclusion by severe logic. A logical necessity presides over all other necessities. That which is necessary in the fitness of things as a matter of course is necessary most emphatically. It is the very essence of necessity; it is necessit intensified. All the records of history may be evolved, drawn out, of logical necessity—of those necessities which grow out of the fitness of things.

Now, what difference does it make whether I assail human nature as inherited by that man or as inherited by myself? It is human nature which makes him a man, it is human nature which makes me a man. It is human nature which lies at the basis of the existence of all the descendants of Adam. That is the soul of each man's personality. All his rights and prerogatives are involved, wrapped up, in this human nature. It is this which we are bound to protect. It is this which we are expected to reverence. It is this that we are evermore to cherish. To this we cannot do too high homage. This we cannot regard with too profound reverence. Now, if I consent that human nature in his person—human nature distinguished by the name, in that particular instance, of Wm. Lloyd Garrison—shall be assailed, that its prerogatives shall be invaded, its rights trodden under foot, since he and I, in our mutual relations, belong to one unity, since he is myself projected (for nothing in the world can be more truly affirmed than that our fellow-men are nothing but ourselves—that is, constitutionally, essentially, organically, they are nothing but ourselves projected and multiplied, scattered all around us, ourselves here, ourselves there)—I say, if I consent that any evil shall overtake him, by that very consent I open the way, of course, for the evil to reach and overwhelm me; not by and by, not in the world of retribution, as men speak, which lies beyond the grave, but in the very act of invading his rights I lay a suicidal hand on my own rights, for he is myself projected. All that the command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," comes to, is this. This is the very foundation on which the second great commandment of the law reposes.

Now, in the very act, let me say, before I sit down—for I was very much impressed when Mr. Longfellow made the statement he did on the subject—in the very act of fastening the chain upon the limbs of my poor brother, I make it clear and manifest to those by whom I am surrounded that I am myself, too, a slave. Did you ever hear that slavery proceeded from freedom, or freedom from slavery? Is not every act which I may perform an expression of myself? Is it not my own image impressed upon the yielding wax? If we give up that fact, where is our doctrine of cause and effect? The relation of cause and effect is most intimate; and when you look at the matter a little carefully, you see that effect is nothing more nor less than cause in manifestation; it is cause in full exercise; so that the cause lives in the effect and the effect is an expression of the cause. That is Bible doctrine, most assuredly—taught both in the Old Testament and in the New. All my acts, then, being myself in exercise, myself revealed, if I fasten the chain of slavery on any of my fellow-men, that is an act, is it not? Would you not call the act itself a manifestation of myself? It is myself in exercise. Of course, if I had not been a slave myself, how could you have got slavery out of me? How can you get slavery where no slavery exists? A man is everlastingly a slave himself, and proves that he is in slavery, by fastening the fetter upon the heel of his brother. It is